NOT TO BE ISSUED
OUT OF THE LIBRARY.

BOMBAY BRANCH

OF THE

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the Government of Maharashtra on 06 February, 2016

THE

LILY AND THE BEE

AN APOLOGUE OF

THE CRYSTAL PALACE

52524

BY

SAMUEL WARREN

F. R. S.

HUNC CIRCUM INNUMERÆ GENTES POPULIQUE VOLABANT.
HAUD SECUS ATQUE IN PRATIS, UBI APES ÆSTATE SERENA
FLORIBUS INSIDUNT VARIIS, ET CANDIDA CIRCUM
LILIA FUNDUNTUR: STREPIT OMNIS MURMURE CAMPUS.
—ÆNEID. VI. 706-710.

9 X L 26

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCLI

221:8
Wa1/L11
52524

00052524

PREFACE

In the South Transept of the Crystal Palace, already vanishing from before our eyes, may be seen, for a little while longer, twin figures of the youthful Alfred the Great, and his Mother; who is giving him the Book of Saxon poetry, which she had promised to him, among her sons, who should soonest learn to read it. Historians record that Alfred was passionately fond

of the Saxon poems, listening to them eagerly by day, and by night; and that as he listened, the first aspirings of a soaring mind seem to have arisen within him. He treasured the poems in his memory; and, during the whole of his life, poetry continued to be his solace and amusement in trouble and care.

In this Volume will be found a precious relic, which, it is thought, few persons will contemplate unmoved, of the illustrious Monarch's genius; and much of what follows, it has been humbly attempted to fashion on that exquisite model. It seemed to a loyal Englishman, that in this there was a certain appropriateness. The name

of Alfred is very dear to us ;[1] and it is equally affecting and suggestive to imagine, doubtless consistently with the fact, the Royal Mother and Son of 1851, gazing at the sculptured images of the Royal Mother and Son of a thousand years ago: with the royal Father standing by, to whom the world stands largely indebted for the transcendent and profoundly instructive spectacle which they have assembled to witness.

In offering to the Public this record of

[1] He was called, in the old time, 'Shepherd of his People,' the 'Darling of the English!'—It was his own mother, Osburga, and not, as some historians assert, his French stepmother, that showed him and his brothers the volume of Anglo-Saxon poetry, saying, 'He who first can read the book, shall have it.'—See Sir Francis Palgrave's *History of England, Anglo-Saxon Period.*

impressions which can never be effaced from the mind and heart of its Author, that instructed Public is approached with deep solicitude; and he ventures to indulge the hope that, by one who may think proper to peruse this Volume deliberately, suspending his judgment till the completion of the perusal, both the LILY, and the BEE, may be then found speaking with some significance.

LONDON, *Septemler* 1851.

BOOK THE FIRST

	PAGE
THREE GATHERINGS,	1
THE VOICE OF ONE UNSEEN,	7
DAY IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE,	9
SIXTY CENTURIES,	12
THE ROYAL THREE,	15
THE SCARED GENII,	17
THE QUEEN'S TRANSIT,	18
THE QUEEN CONTEMPLATING HER EMPIRE,	36
A PLEADING STATUE,	42
SPECTATORS,	45
A BEWILDERED POET,	49
MUSING PHILOSOPHERS—ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN,	51
ATOMS AND STARS,	60
MAN AND HIS DOINGS,	64
MAN AND HIS MAKER,	67
SHAKSPEARE AND DAVID,	69
THE DIAMOND'S LEVEE,	70
THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE,	79

PAGE

ANCIENT MONSTERS, ... 84

THE EARTH AND ITS MAKER, ... 87

A MUSING ON MUTABILITY, ... 89

A BEVIE OF LADIES BRIGHT, ... 90

THE LOVELIE LADYE AND THE SPLENDID WORM, . 92

CONFUSED SPLENDOUR, ... 95

SPEAKING STATUARY, ... 97

A VISION OF NEWTON, ... 99

THE BEE, ... 102

LAUGHING IN THE SKIES, ... 117

BOOK THE SECOND

NIGHT IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE, ... 123

SEVENTY THOUSAND GONE, ... 124

NATURE'S ASLEEP, ... 125

A SOUND, ... 126

RE-APPEARANCES, ... 127

O YE DEAD, ... 127

THE ROYAL GHOSTS — ALEXANDER, CHARLEMAGNE, ALFRED, NAPOLEON, ... 128

PAGE

ALFRED'S HYMN, ... 131

GHOSTS OF PHILOSOPHERS — ARISTOTLE, ROGER BACON, LORD BACON, ... 135

A MONARCH IN HIS PALACE, . . . 136

HIS LEVEE, ... 137

A SLAUGHTERED SAGE, ... 139

CHILDREN AND OLD GHOSTS, ... 140

GALILEO'S GLORY AND SHAME, . . . 142

SORELY AMAZED GHOSTS, ... 144

NEWTON AMONG PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN GHOSTS, . 148

A DARKENED GHOST, ... 149

THE AWFUL VISION, ... 150

THE TRIPLE CROWN, ... 151

PLATO AND BUTLER—THEIR CONVERSE, . . 154

THE WARRIOR POET AND PROMETHEUS, . . 156

GOLD IN THE MIST, ... 157

FLIGHT INTO THE PAST, ... 158

VISION OF AN IDOL AND A TOWER, . . . 159

THE FIRST MURDERER, ... 160

ADAM AND EVE, ... 163

THE FATHER AND HIS SONS, . . . 164

THE LOVELY MOTHER AND HER LOVELY DAUGHTERS, 165

A SON BEFORE HIS FIRST PARENTS, . . . 166

A GLIMPSE THROUGH SIX THOUSAND YEARS, . 168

THE MOVING SHADOW, ... 172

SPIRITS OF THEM THAT SLEEP, . . . 173

GEMS SEEN, AND ONE UNSEEN, . . . 176

PAGE

THE AWFUL VOICE, ... 177

LIGHT LOST, ... 180

A HORROR, ... 181

RETURNING LIGHT, ... 183

A SCOFFER AND THE BOOK, ... 185

DEPARTING SHADOWS, ... 188

MORN IN THE PALACE—

A SPARROW, ... 190

A POOR SOUL CALLING ON MANKIND, . . 191

FLOWERS ASLEEP, ... 194

THE LILY, ... 195

HER MESSAGE, ... 196

A SON AND A FATHER, ... 203

THE DISAPPEARANCE, ... 204

NOTES

			PAGE
NO. I.	*p.* 27.	NAPOLEON AND LEIBNITZ ON EGYPT,	209
II.	28.	THE MODERN PHARAOH IN THE RED SEA,	210
III.	29.	SCIPIO'S TEARS,	211
IV.	33.	THE ESQUIMAUX QUESTION,	211
V.	37.	PRINCE ALBERT ON THE MISSION AND DESTINY OF ENGLAND,	212
VI.	40.	THE NEW MEDITERRANEAN,	213
VII.	83.	THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE,	213
VIII.	85.	ANCIENT MONSTERS,	216
IX.	109.	THE BEE MYSTERY,	217
X.	111.	THE BEE AND THE INFINITESIMAL CALCULUS,	218
XI.	142.	GALILEO AMONG THE CARDINALS,	218
XII.	144.	ARISTOTLE ON ANAXAGORAS,	219
XIII.	145.	THE ANGEL AND ADAM'S ASTRONOMICAL DISCOURSE,	219
XIV.	149.	THE INFIDEL PHILOSOPHER,	220
XV.	154.	AN EXTINGUISHED CONSTELLATION,	223
XVI.	157.	GOLDEN TRUTH IN THE MIST OF MYTHOLOGY,	223

THE

LILY AND THE BEE

BOOK THE FIRST

FOUR thousand years ago, said The Voice, the whole Family of man was gathered together on the plain of Shinar. They spoke often, in one language, of the awful Deluge which had happened but a century before; and pointed out, one to another, the traces of it still everywhere visible. Those who had been in the Ark, would start from their sleep, as in dreams they heard the roar of the Waters, and again beheld their desolate expanse. Yet

was the dread lesson lost upon the ungrateful and presumptuous hearts of those who had not been whelmed under the waters. Minded to dishonour Him who had spared them, while destroying their fellows, and to frustrate His all-wise purposes, they would build a city, and a tower[1] whose top might reach unto Heaven, and prevent their being scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth. Then was precipitated upon them the event which they had sought to avert. Their labours were interrupted from on high; their language was confounded; and they were scattered abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth, bearing about with them, even until now, the badge of their punishment and humiliation.

[1] This Babylonish Tower, says the philosophic Schlegel, has been, in every age, a figure of the Heaven-aspiring edifice of lordly Arrogance, which is, sooner or later, sure to be struck down, and scattered afar, by the arm of the divine Nemesis.

Sixteen hundred years afterwards, near the scene of that impiety and folly, occurred a great gathering of the self-same Family, in the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon, at the bidding of a mighty monarch. There he had gathered together the princes, the governors, and the captains, the judges, the treasurers, and the councillors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces, and all the people, nations, and languages. In the midst of them glittered a golden image, which Nebuchadnezzar the King had set up, and had come forth to dedicate. And a herald cried aloud, commanding all people, nations, and languages, that at what time they heard the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, they should, on pain of death, fall down and worship that golden image. The impious despot was obeyed: the people, the nations, and the languages, bowed in base idolatry before the golden image that Nebu-

chadnezzar the King had set up; all but three noble youths, worshippers of the God whom their Monarch was dishonouring, and who, in his rage and fury, cast them forthwith, but vainly, into a burning fiery furnace, saying, Who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?

Two thousand four hundred years have since rolled on; and behold! in this present year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, indicating the lustrous epoch from which Christian people now reverently reckon time, in this little western Isle, unknown to the haughty Babylonian, whose place[1] has been swept with the besom of destruction, occurs another gathering

[1] I will rise up against them, saith the Lord of Hosts—and cut off from Babylon the name.——I will also make it a possession for the bittern, and pools of water, and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction.——This is the rejoicing city, that dwelt carelessly; that said in her heart, I am, and there is none besides me: how is she become a desolation!—Isaiah, xiv. 22, 23; Zeph., ii. 15.

of that very self-same family: of all people, and nations, and languages, on a royal invitation, and for a royal Dedication. A Christian Queen, on whose Empire setteth not the sun; who had read in holy writ of the plains of Shinar, and of Dura, went forth with her Consort and her Offspring, attended by her princes, her nobles, her statesmen, her warriors, her judges, her philosophers, amidst a mighty multitude: not to inaugurate an idol, not to Dedicate an Image, and impiously command it to be worshipped; but, in the hallowing presence of His ministers whom Nebuchadnezzar had dishonoured, to bow before HIM, THE LORD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH, who, from the place of His habitation, looketh down upon all the inhabitants of the earth, and understandeth all their works; to offer humble adoration and thanksgiving for His mercies, marvellous and numberless, vouchsafed to herself and to His people committed to her charge; in Whom she ever hath affiance,

seeking His honour and glory: to cement, as far as in her lay, a universal brotherhood, and promote among all nations, unity, peace, and concord; to recall great nations from the devastations of war, to the delights of peace; to exhibit a mighty spectacle, equalled but by its spectators: humbling, elevating, expanding, solemnising the soul of every beholder capable of thought, purified with but even the faintest tincture of devoutness; speaking to great minds, —to statesman, philosopher, divine—in accents sublime: telling of Man, in his relations to the earth; Man, in his relations to men; Man, in his relations to God.

Yes, to a Palace, risen like an exhalation, goes the Queen, mindless of predicted peril—standing within it, the dazzling centre of a nation's love and anxiety; with stately serenity, beside her illustrious and philosophic Spouse, and illustrious offspring; her eyes reverently downcast, while one voice only sounds, humbly

uttering prayer and praise—Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be all the glory![1] —amidst all that is lovely, great, and pious, from all lands; whose eyes are moistened, whose hearts are swelling: anon peals forth, in solemn harmony, Hallelujah!

There stand members of the scattered family of Man: come from East, come from West; come from North, come from South; from the Old World, from the New: and, glittering all around, trophies of industry and peace from every land, wafted over vast oceans: results of Toil grown skilful, after six thousand years.

—Then hie thee to that Palace, said The Voice: mingle among thy fellows, unheeded

[1] Now therefore, O God, we thank Thee; we praise Thee; and entreat Thee so to overrule this assembly of many nations, that it may tend to the advancement of Thy glory, to the diffusion of Thy holy Word, and to the increase of general prosperity, by producing peace and goodwill among the different races of mankind.—*Prayer of the Archbishop of Canterbury.*

by the gay and great. Be thou but reverently humble, and I will be with thee, One Unseen, yet seeing all: what I will show, the self-sufficient spirit shall never see; being with quickest sensuous eye, quite blind; yet, all the while, before a mystic mirror, brightly reflecting the Past, darkly the Future. But thou, unnoticed one! perchance despised—behold! ponder!

Hie thee! haste! It vanisheth. It vanisheth! and melts into the Past.

* * *

There was standing[1] without the Crystal Palace, in a pauper dress, a grey-haired harmless idiot, gazing at the vast structure, vacantly. Gently arresting me as I passed, he pointed with eager, gleeful mystery, uttering incoherent sounds, to the door which he was not permitted to enter.

[1] The oppressive incident above related actually occurred to the author; producing an impression never to be effaced.

Poor soul! said The Voice, mournfully, this banquet is not spread for *thee!*

I left him without, gibbering to a pitying sentinel, and entered with a spirit saddened.

——DAY, IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE!

There was music echoing through the transparent fabric. Fragrant flowers and graceful shrubs were blooming, and exhaling sweet odours. Fountains were flashing and sparkling in the subdued sunlight: in living sculpture were suddenly seen the grand, the grotesque, the terrible, the beautiful: objects of every form and colour imaginable, far as the eye could reach, were dazzlingly intermingled: and there were present sixty thousand sons and daughters of Adam,[1] passing and repassing, ceaselessly: bewildered charmingly; gliding amidst bannered

[1] At three o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday the 15th July, there were present in the Crystal Palace *sixty-one thousand six hundred and forty persons.*

Nations — through country after country renowned in ancient name, and great in modern: civilised and savage. From the far East and West, misty in distance, faintly echoed martial strains, or the solemn anthem!——The Soul was approached through its highest senses, flooded with excitement; all its faculties were appealed to at once, and it sank, for a while, exhausted, overwhelmed.

Who can describe that astounding spectacle? Lost in a sense of what it is, who can think what it is like? Philosopher and poet are alike agitated, and silent; gaze whithersoever they may, all is marvellous and affecting; stirring new thoughts and emotions, and awakening oldest memories and associations — past, present, future, linked together mystically, each imaging the other, kindling faint suggestion, with sudden startle.——And where stood they? Scarce nine times had the moon performed her silent journey round the earth, since grass

grew, refreshed with dew and zephyr, upon the spot on which was now a crystal palace, then not even imaged in the mind of its architect,—now teeming with things rich and rare from well-nigh every spot of earth on the terraqueous globe, telling, oh! grand and overwhelming thought! of the uttermost industry and intellect of MAN, in every clime, of every hue, of every speech, since his Almighty Maker placed him upon the earth; MAN, made in His own image, after His likeness, a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honour; given dominion over all the earth and sea, and all that are in them, and in the air,—that move, and are; ever since the holy calm and rest of the first Sabbath: since the dark hour in which he was driven, disobedient and woe-stricken, out of Eden—doomed in the sweat of his face to eat bread, in sorrow, all the days of his life, till he returned into the ground, cursed for his sake: the dread sentence echoing in

his ears, Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return!

O spirit, convey me awhile, from this scene of mystery, this so restless sea of my fellow-beings ——let me alone, apart, meditate humbly, reverently.

——Sixty centuries are sweeping past me. Their sound is in my ear, their dread is on my soul. The air—the dust—is instinct with LIFE, the life of man, speaking to the soul of all the hopes, and fears, and agonies, delights, and woes, and cares that have agitated the countless millions, my fellows, descended from our fallen Father, the First Adam, and like him returned to the dust: whither I, and all his sons, my brethren, strangers! and sojourners! as all our fathers were!—are journeying fast.——O, spare me a little, before I go hence, and be no more seen!

—I faintly breathe an air, spiritual and rare; Mind all around diffused; MAN rises before me,

everywhere, man! in his manifestation and misfortune, multiform; mysterious in his doings and his destiny——Yes, I, poor Being, trembling and amazed, am also man; part of that mighty unity; one, but one! still one! of that vast family to whom belongs the earth;[1] still holding, albeit unworthily, our charter of lordship. Tremble, child of the dust! remembering from Whom came that charter, wellnigh forfeited. Tremble! stand in awe! yet hope; for He knoweth thy frame; He remembereth that thou art but dust; and, like as a father pitieth his own children, even so is merciful unto them *that fear Him.*

Return, with lightened heart, with cheerful look, said The Voice, benignantly, and read a scroll, suddenly unrolled, of the doings of thy race upon the earth.

Again within the Nave ——all bright! all

[1] All the whole heavens, are the Lord's: the earth hath He given to the children of men.—Psalm cxv. 16.

beautiful!—Hail! Welcome! brethren, sisters all! Come hither trustfully, from every land and clime! All hail! ye loveliest! bravest! wisest! best! Of every degree! complexion! speech! One and the self-same blood in all our veins![1] Our hearts, fashioned alike! Alike feeling, loving, admiring: with the same senses and faculties perceiving and judging what the same energies have produced! Stay! Has my ear, suddenly quickened, penetrated to the primeval language, through all its variations, since the scattering and confusion of Shinar! O rare unity in multiplicity, uniformity in endless variety!

Yonder comes THE QUEEN! Not hideous shot, nor shell, tears open a crimson path; but one is melting before her,—melting with love

[1] God, that made the world, and all things therein, hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the bounds of their habitation, and is not far from every one of us.—Acts, xvii. 24-27.

and loyalty. All unguarded! No nodding plume, nor gleaming sabre, to startle or appal: she is moving amidst myriads—silent myriads: unheard by her, but not unfelt, their thoughts, fondly flowing while she passes by:[1]

O, all from foreign lands: uncovered be awhile; behold a solemn sight—

A nation's heart in prayer:

And hear their prayer,

God save the Queen.

And God save thee, too, wise and pious Prince, Her Spouse! Well may thine eye look round well pleased, and with a modest dignity, on a scene designed by thee: sprung into being under thy princely fostering; an enterprise right royal, nobler far than ever Prince before accomplished: all bloody feats of war eclipsed—by this of Peace, all-potent peace. O glorious war to wage: Science and Truth, with Error, Igno-

[1] The unbought loyalty of the heart, the cheap defence of nations.—EDMUND BURKE.

rance, and Prejudice——lying all prostrate here: vanquished: O would it were, to rise no more! And thou here, too, young Prince, their first-born son: thou hope of England: future King: God bless thee, Prince: God grant thee many many years, wherein to learn, by bright example, how to wear a crown, and sway a sceptre. Look well around thee: think of Her whose hand is holding thine; and that such scene as this, thou never, never wilt behold again. Read then its lesson, well! Illustrious Three, our hearts yearn, seeing you stand before the image of your ancestor, Alfred:[1] the Great: the Good: the Wise.

What thoughts are yours, while gazing at

[1] As far as the author has been able to ascertain, the fact seems to be established, that both Queen Victoria, and H. R. H. Prince Albert, can show a direct descent from Alfred the Great: and her Majesty also from Charlemagne. The correctness of this statement has been obligingly certified to the author by a gentleman of experience in such matters.

the glorious pair, Mother and Son? Young Prince! look well on that young Prince: remember: resemble! In your veins runs the rich blood of Alfred, and Charlemagne.

Methinks I see the Queen look grave, while passing slowly down the wondrous nave. Flag after flag hangs over her, emblems of Nations, great and glorious some, all friendly: all here, receiving Queenly, Princely welcome: therein, the Nation's. The very Genius of each State is here: beauteous, but timid—trembling, as though affrighted with recent sounds and sights of blood and tumult: even here, scarce reassured! But, gentle ones! breathe freely here! As ye have left behind your vesture darkened, it may be, and crimson-spotted, and donned attire so gay and graceful, so vanish fear from your lovely countenances! In your own Sister's Palace, away with terror and distrust! Start not, as though your ears yet caught frightful sounds of cries! and mus-

ketry! shot and shell! See here, all peace and love! Britannia passes by: she greets you fondly; embracing with a sister's tenderness.

Where is The Queen? In SPAIN! and yet, within her own dominions! She is standing on the dizzy height of Gibraltar, impregnable, tremendous; and tranquilly surveying the kingdoms of two sister Queens, in East and West: herself on British ground, won by British valour, and so retained, and guarded. Then does she muse of Tubal's progeny?[1] Of dynasties long passed away—Phœnician, Carthaginian, Roman sway: of Vandal, Goth, and Saracen:—Crescent and Cross. Sees she the passes where glittered the standards of Charlemagne, and echo in her ears the bugles of Roncesvalles? Thinks she of mighty ones gone by—all, all, but one: of Hannibal: of Scipio: Pompey: Cæsar: Napoleon: her own Wel-

[1] The original settlers in Spain are supposed to have been the progeny of Tubal, the fifth son of Japheth.

lington[1]——and sadly looks on hill, and vale, and stream, crimsoned with Spanish, French, and British blood: sees she myriad bayonets bristling everywhere, and flashing sabres; and hears the deadly volley rolling, and thunder of artillery—

Vimeira!
Torres Vedras!
Corunna!
Talavera!
Salamanca!
Vittoria!—
Trafalgar!

——FRANCE! noble, sensitive! our ancient rival, now our proudly-splendid, emulous friend!

[1] Like their great predecessors in the wars of Rome and Carthage, these two illustrious chiefs rolled the chariot of victory over its surface, and, missing each other, severally conquered every other opponent, till their own renown filled the world, and Europe, in breathless suspense, awaited the issue of their conflict, on another shore.—ALISON, vol. viii. p. 397.

Our Queen in gallant France! But with no fear, ye chivalrous! Behold the royal Lady, who, scarcely seated on her throne, quickly responded to your grand request, giving you back your glorious dead, then, after life's fitful fever sleeping well, in her domain, in ocean far away; and now upon your soil, his own loved France, sleepeth NAPOLEON! His ear heard not the wailing peal thrilling through the o'ercharged hearts of his mourning veterans, whom neither did he see: nor did he hear the mingled thunderings of our artillery, yours, and our own, in blended solemn friendliness,[1] honouring his mighty memory. Ye, Frenchmen, saw, and heard, weeping nobly 'mid the melting melody: and we were looking on, with throb-

[1] Le gouvernement de sa Majesté espère que l'empressement, qu'il met à répondre à cette demande, sera considéré en France comme une preuve du désir de sa Majesté d'effacer jusqu'à la dernière trace de ces animosités nationales qui, pendant la vie de l'Empereur, avaient poussé les deux nations à la guerre. Le gouvernement de sa Majesté espère

bing heart. See, then, our Queen. She wears a crown, and holds a sceptre: emblem of majesty, of power, of love, alone.—See, see, embodied to your sight! England's dear Epitome, and radiant Representative! all hearts in hers; and hers, in all: Britain, Britannia: Bright Victoria, all!—A sadness on her brow! thinking, perchance, of royal exiles, sheltered in her realm: it may be of a captive, too, in yours: he no Jugurtha! brave: honourable: noble: broken-hearted ——oh! French—ye proud and generous——

Passed into BELGIUM, fair and gay—

Yonder the plain of Waterloo. Her cheek is flushed: anon grows sad. There approaches a mourner, a royal mourner. His air is serene, but sorrowful: his cheek is wasted; and

que de pareils sentimens, s'ils existaient encore, seraient ensevelis à jamais, dans le tombeau destiné à recevoir les restes mortels de Napoléon.—*Despatch of* LORD PALMERSTON, 9th May, 1840. These are words, justly remarks the historian, of dignified generosity, worthy of the chivalrous days of a great nation.—ALISON, vol. xiv. p. 198.

his eye, tells of a sorely smitten heart. His hand yet feels the pressure of those lilied fingers which clasped it fondly, gently, at last unconsciously: and he sees still those eyes which gazed upon him tenderly, even through the shadows of death——

In busy sea-dyked HOLLAND now!—Methinks she tells her son of a New Holland—a fifth continent, in a distant ocean, fourteen thousand miles away: ruled by her sceptre.——And now, grown grave, she whispers of an era, and a Prince, great, glorious, of immortal memory.[1]

In HANOVER a while—sadly speaking of a royal Cousin, who, were he in the Crystal

[1] By the sagacity and energy of that great man, William III., was closed the bloody struggle for civil and religious liberty which had so long been convulsing this country, and there were secured to us the inestimable advantages of our constitution, and of our Protestant faith.—PRINCE ALBERT, at St Martin's Hall, 17th June 1851.

Palace, could see naught of its splendours; destined yet to rule a kingdom.——

Lingering in SAXONY! telling of LUTHER to her son: methinks she sees the giant spirit standing defiant, before Imperial Diet: scornfully burning Papal Bull:—kindling the flame which man shall never quench[1]—— protected by a Prince potent and pious—as Wickliffe here by her own Royal progenitor of Lancaster! And then she points her son, in proud silence, to his Father's home, ancient, illustrious, and firm in Faith.——

SWITZERLAND! Bright, breezy Switzerland! Land of the beautiful, land of the free! With

[1] I know and am certain, said this wonderful man, that Jesus Christ our Lord lives and reigns; and, buoyant in this knowledge and confidence, I will not fear a hundred thousand Popes.—— My doctrines will stand, and the Pope will fall, in spite of all the powers of air, earth, and hell. They have provoked me to war: they shall have it. They

mountains majestic, wearing snowy coronets, dazzling all of rosy hue—and lovely spreading vales, studded with cottages all blossom-hid—with deep blue waters, imaging bluer skies. ——Oh, awful in avalanche! on whose dread verge bloom roses and myrtles, unchilled, unscared. O foaming flashing cataract, and fearful precipice, where glances the gleeful, scarce-seen chamois, safe from fell eye of hunter! O happy, happy Switzerland! Where meet the Seasons in concord strange, and gaily dance, with melting eye yet tremulous limb, mid ice, and fruits, and snow, and flowers, while zephyr, scent-laden, plays gaily round. Our Queen in Switzerland!—forgetting state and splendour awhile, softly to sink into enchanting solitude. O land of the free, the pious, and brave—of Tell and Zwingle! a Queen of the free and

scorned the peace I offered them: peace they shall have no longer. God shall look to it, which of the two shall first retire from the struggle—the Pope or Luther.——This was said three centuries and a half ago.

the fearless is breathing your balmy air—but quick to return to her own sweet sceptred isle.

ROME she passed by, and with, methought, averted eye. There, brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings——

GREECE—Greece! The Queen in Greece! And thinking of the radiant past!—Of Marathon and Salamis! of wisdom, eloquence, and song — all silenced now. The Oracles are dumb. No voice or hideous hum runs through the arched roof in words deceiving: Apollo from his shrine can no more divine, with hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.

What fates were hers, since Japheth's son set foot upon her soil — Javan, to Otho![1] — Marathon, to Navarino!——

[1] The first inhabitants of Greece are believed to have been the progeny of Javan, the fourth son of Japheth: that of his sixth son, Meshech, formed the aborigines of Italy.

And now, amid the isles where burning Sappho loved and sung, gliding o'er Ionian waters, mellow sunlight all around, and gently thinking of the days gone by.——

PROTECTRIX.——

England in Greece—in Christian Greece!
Victoria there! But not in warlike form: only,
Lover of peace, and balanced rule.

In dusky, rainless EGYPT now!—Mysterious memories come crowding round—from misty Mizraim[1] to Ibrahim—

Abraham!—Joseph!—Pharaoh's Plagues!—Shepherd Kings!—Sesostris!—

Cambyses! Xerxes! Alexander! Ptolemies! Antony! Cleopatra! Cæsar—

Isis!—Osiris!—Temples!—Sphinxes!—Obelisks—

[1] Mizraim, the son of Ham, and grandson of Noah, was the first of the Pharaohs.

Alexandria !—

The Pyramids !—

The Nile !—

NAPOLEON ![1]—NELSON !—

Behold, my son, this ancient wondrous country — destined scene of mighty doings — perchance of conflict, deadly, tremendous, such as the world has never seen, nor warrior dreamed of. Even now the attracting centre of world-wide anxieties. On this spot see settled the eyes of sleepless Statesmen ——

Lo ! a British engineer, even while I speak, connects the Red Sea with the Mediterranean : Alexandria and Cairo made as one ——

Behold Napoleon, deeply intent on the great project ! See him, while the tide of the Red Sea is out, on the self-same site traversed three thousand years before, by the children

[1] See NOTE, No. I.—'Napoleon and Leibnitz on Egypt.'

of Israel —— He drinks at the Wells of Moses, at the foot of Mount Sinai —— He returns — and so the tide —— The shades of night approach —— Behold the hero just whelmed beneath the waters — even like the ancient Pharaoh ——

Had such event been willed on high[1] ——

In TUNIS! All simple, rough, barbaric. Art thou sole representative of Carthage, and her ancient glory?[2] And thinks our Queen suddenly of the Tyrian Queen, and her resplendent city, Rome's rival in the empire of the world—Carthage and her state, whose policy the Stagyrite approved: a people wise, grave, and powerful; sending forth colonies; with distant islands trafficking; even with this isle

[1] See NOTE, No. II.—'The Modern Pharaoh in the Red Sea.'

[2] Tunis is within only a few miles' distance of the site of ancient Carthage.

of ours; with England, and with France? Muses our sighing Queen, of Rome and Carthage; rival Queens; competitors for empire; ambitious; of deadly hate; of treacheries and perfidies; of sieges; battles; seas of blood; of noble Hannibal; great Scipio; fell Cato? Tunis! wast thou scared by the fearful fires consuming Carthage? Didst thou see the flame and hear the shrieks?[1]

And hear the withering curse, see Scipio's pitying tears, and listen to his mournful prophecy of fate reserved for bloody and perfidious Rome?

And Rome, triumphant in her joy and pride, exulting over her fallen rival—crushed—all traces from the earth razed ruthlessly; and curse pronounced on all who should rebuild, or her hated memory revive—

Where art THOU, Rome? Still lingering on

[1] See NOTE, No. III.—'Scipio's Tears.'

the earth, in pigmy representative—victim of fate ignobler infinitely far than she thy vanquished rival perishing in flame! Rome! Carthage!—where all your idle strifes, your jealousies!——

Thou, too, old Tunis, hast seen vicissitude!

Solomon the Magnificent! Selim!—The Emperor!

Thou sawest ten thousand Christian slaves set glorious free!

Hast thou forgotten Blake—crumbling thy castles with his cannonade?

TURKEY!—

Beautiful Constantinople! well may Queenly eye rest upon thee rapturously. Enchanting City, hail!

Ever bathed in ocean's breeze! Thy terraced heights all emerald-hued, rising successive from the blue waves to the sky!

Thy glistening domes, mosques, minarets!

Thy lovely waters, studded by snowy sails of boat and bark—

Queen of the East, on seven-hilled throne, Thou passionately wooed of monarchs and conquerors!—

The Macedonian — Napoleon — Muscovite. ——All hail!

A peaceful Queen is looking at you now, nor dreams of conquest!

PERSIA!

CHINA![1]—Awoke from centuries' celestial slumber, by the thunder of our guns.——

Barbarian Queen! what dost thou there?

There, also, waves thy Flag proudly o'er thy people, and in thy territory, too!

To the North—away! away!

DENMARK!

[1] Fohi, the supposed founder of the Chinese Empire, is considered, by some, to be NOAH.

SWEDEN !—

NORWAY !—

ICELAND !—

LAPLAND !—

——Stay, illustrious Three !

Are ye chilled with your Northern flight? O Queen, a moment pause in this thy marvellous pilgrimage !

Thou wilt not despise the doings of the poor Esquimaux, drearily shivering under Arctic ice: clad in the skins of creatures of the deep: and in icy cavern, illumed by flickering Northern Lights, gorging on offal, or dreaming of the hunt of bear and wolf.—O Queen, O Princes ! illustrious of the Earth ! behold in this sad soul, one of the scattered family of Adam ! He is our brother ! Your brother, great ones ! The brother of all Queens, Princes, Emperors, and Potentates.

The same blood, trickling through his chilly veins, through yours bounds blithely.——

And he hath heard the Sacred Volume read, and felt: and wept: and owned its hallowing influence![1]

PRUSSIA, proud, learned, thoughtful, martial —ever like steel-clad warrior, gleaming, armed cap-a-pie, ready for fight.[2]

Victoria greets The King—

Hail, sponsor of her son, our future King——

Thy face is anxious: and thy troubled eye scans fearfully thy realms, settling but now from shock of revolution.

Near AUSTRIA.

On its confines, standing the grim Radetzky!

[1] See NOTE, No. IV.—'The Esquimaux Question.'

[2] In setting out for the Prussian campaign, such was Napoleon's estimate of troops trained in the school of Frederick the Great, that he frequently said to his assembled officers at Mayence, 'We shall have earth to move in this war!'

On his lips are withering words[1]—but from his neck depends the Lamb,[2] gently: all unconscious of its office.

From behind his Queen, modest in greatness, gazes upon the Austrian, WELLINGTON. Behold the white-haired warrior-statesman, eagle-eyed, scanning the features of his aged brother[3] in arms——

He wears not the crimson vestments of war, nor the emblem of command; nor by his side glitters the sword which freed the world, into its scabbard sternly thrust, at Waterloo.

What whispers the Queen to her Wellington? And he to his puissant Mistress?

—Of a vast Empire, thrilling still with mortal

[1] Soldaten! Der kampf wird kurz sein—Soldiers, the work will be short! The words are engraved deeply on the base of the pedestal of the cast-iron statue.

[2] The Order of the Golden Fleece.

[3] Field-Marshal Radetzky is eighty-five years of age—having been born in the year 1766; the Duke of Wellington in 1769.

throes;—dismembered, but for mighty Muscowite, summoned to aid by an Imperial brother in mortal thraldom. Of strategy profound: encircling coils, tremendous, crushing revolt:[1] wasting anxieties, from mortal eye concealed, or sought to be: all blessedly unknown to Her, now listening to her wise warrior-statesman's words.——

In vast mysterious RUSSIA, see Her now.
She leans upon the arm of friendly Czar.
Madam, quoth he, I obey your gentle summons.
I send to your Palace a sample of my people's skill,—a many-tongued race, a sixteenth of the

[1] The general plan of the vast military operations of Russia, in Hungary, in the spring of 1849, was—to form a complete circle of the whole territory: that circle rapidly to converge so as to compress the insurrection within a ring of armies. There was a perfect unity of purpose in the execution of this prodigious plan, which extinguished the insurrection; and then the Emperor's troops (150,000 in number) returned to Russia.—See *The Times* of the day.

family of Man,—and produce of my territories, stretching over a seventh of the terrestrial surface of the globe. Northern Asia is mine: half Europe, and a great domain in Northern America. There my possessions adjoin yours: as yours, those of the Republic which has sprung from you.

Then thought the silent Queen, of all that owned her gently-potent sway, the wide world o'er.

Of her own dear sceptred Isle, ENGLAND! a precious stone, set in the silver sea! this land of such dear souls! this dear, dear land.[1]

Then, of her dominions in the North, the South, the East, the West.

Old World, and New—

Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australasia—

[1] Richard II., Act ii. scene 1. It need hardly be intimated to the reader, that he may recognise expressions in the text, borrowed from various writers, ancient and modern, as they happened to occur to the author's memory.

Of Continents—

Of Islands, girdling the globe—

A sixth of Adam's family,[1] obedient to her rule—

Rule of a Christian Queen—

To civilise!

To free! protect!

To illume!—

To Christianise![2]—

Methought she whispered solemnly — A mighty mission, Emperor, each!——

Anon she points her son to INDIA, distant, dazzling, vast—

The coveted of conquering Potentates, in old and modern time; but by Heaven assigned, to England—

[1] According to the latest and best authorities, the population of the world is about a thousand and seventy-five millions; and the British dominions now embrace, since the recent acquisitions in India, ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY MILLION OF SOULS!

[2] See NOTE, No. V.—'Prince Albert on the Mission and Destiny of England.'

Of victories, on victories—

Of valour and sagacity profound—

Of sullen Moloch: superstition: slaughter: and horrible idolatry—

And then she spoke of Canaan, and the Israelites—

And reverently echoed Holy Writ—

We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, how thou hast driven out the heathen with thy hand, and planted them in: how thou hast destroyed the nations, and cast them out.

For they got not the land in possession through their own sword, neither was it their own arm that helped them;

But Thy right hand, and Thine arm, and the light of Thy countenance, because Thou hadst a favour unto them.

Thou art my King, O God.

Of AUSTRALASIA—

There Islands huge, and a great Continent,——
There proudly flies Her flag, in Eastern—and in Southern ocean—glistening—far far, away—

While saileth thitherward, from these loved shores, each barque so richly freighted with our loves—

Bearing fond but firmest hearts, and leaving tender ones behind——it may be never more to meet on earth——

O, God go with you, brethren, sisters dear!

Bearing the Holy Book—our Laws; Religion, loyalty!

Your Queen, that lovely Majesty, is thinking of you all:

Dear to her gentle heart, her people distant—

No distance knows allegiance, loyalty, and Queenly love, and power.

— — —

O'er oceans sweeping breathlessly—a dizzy flight—wellnigh the planet o'er—

Behold in CANADA, the Queen—its Queen—

Calmly she views her vast domain, a ninth part of earth's surface![1]

Grand, beautiful, and boundless in resource!

Loyal and true her sons! reserved for signal destiny!

Ten thousand miles of ocean cannot melt the links of love binding their brave hearts to their Queen—

All hail, ye hardy sons of enterprise, and brethren dear!—

She gazes proudly—thoughtfully——

— — —

Down, down the wondrous Nave! Through the old kingdoms of the Earth, swelling yet

[1] See NOTE, No. VI.—'The New Mediterranean.'

with Revolution's surge — see, The New World!

How now! Where is She now?

Methought her course was Westerly[1]—

The West hath settled in the East—How passing strange!

Confusion all!—North, South, East, West, New, Old, Past, Present,—huddled all together!

Here, in the East, She stands: yet in America!—

Hail, England's lusty offspring! All hail! Ye stalworth sons and daughters fair, of Anglo-Saxon ancestry!

In your new home magnificent, even yet scarce settled!

The Queen of England greets you well!

And such Her thoughts the while, as but an English Queen can know—

[1] In the Crystal Palace, the *Eastern* extremity of the Nave is appropriated to the United States.

She stands in contemplation grave.

Skilled though She be, in Queenly lore, She cannot read your destiny.

Sees she a cloud, the South o'ershadowing?

—Brethren, ye bring us a form of Beauty, and in chains!

Look ye yourselves upon her loveliness!

Ponder her thrilling tale of grief!—

She is not mute, O, marble eloquent!

She pleads! She pleads!

Gazing on Stars and Stripes, to your own selves she turns, and pleads, in manacles!

Though listens England's Queen, she listens all in vain!

Sweet slave! turn from our Queen beloved, that agonising look!

No chains, no bonds, Her myriad subjects bear,

They melt in contact with the British air:

Her sceptre waves—and fetters disappear!

Turn, turn, then, beauteous slave!

O, make thy mournful suit, to those deep meaning ones, who sent thee hither!

Their Saxon brethren here, can only sigh!

—Who stand behind thee, beautiful one?

Daughter and son of Shem! how came ye hither?

Wild brother of the woods!

Clad in the spoils of eagle, buffalo, and bear!

Strange son of Adam! Sharer of his chartered rights!

But why that hideous scalp, from thy slain brother torn——

Kinsman of Cain!

And thou! Physician![1]

[1] These two interesting figures, modelled from the life—the man a physician among the American Ioway Indians, and having his leggings 'fringed *with scalp-locks taken from his enemies' heads*;' and the woman, a Mandan Indian, one of the native tribes west of the Rocky Mountains—were sent to the Crystal Palace by Mr Catlin. Neither of the originals, who were lately in England, happened to be a subject of Her Majesty; but she has many such.

Thou stand'st before a Christian Queen!
Why wear that emblem of a savage hate?

— — —

—Did ever Queen within such Palace stand?
Will ever Queen again?
Or with so skilled an eye, its myriad objects scan?
Were ever Queen and Prince so matched before?
A Prince philosopher, and philosophic Prince?
Majesty! Philosophy! in shining union seen!
Exalted Pair! A banquet here is spread, right royally,
For all mankind—
State laid aside, and Majesty, and Royalty, and Lowliness, partakers all——
All, all alike—nor frowns, nor fears—
Queen, Prince, and People—

——A Queen and Prince are gone!

A unit unperceived, I sink into the living stream again!—Nave, transept, aisles and galleries, pacing untired: insatiate!

—Amazing spectacle! Touchstone of character! capacity! and knowledge!

Spectacle, now lost in the Spectators: then spectators, in the spectacle!

Rich: poor: gentle: simple: wise: foolish: young: old: learned: ignorant: thoughtful: thoughtless: haughty: humble: frivolous: profound:

Every grade of intellect: every shade of character!

Here is a voluble smatterer: suddenly discomfited by the chance question of a curious child: and rather than own ignorance, will tell him falsely.

There a bustling piece of earth: one of the earth, earthy: testing everything by money value.

Here is a stale bundle of prejudices, hard bound together: to whom everything here is topsy-turvy, and discoloured, seen through jaundiced eyes.

Here comes one, serenely unconscious that he is a fool.

There is one suddenly startled by a suspicion that he knows scarcely anything.

Here is one listening, with seeming lively interest, and assenting gestures, to a scientific explanation, of which he comprehends nothing; but appearances must be kept up.

There is one falsely thinking himself the observed of observers; trying to look unconscious, and distinguished.

Here is one that will not see a timid poor relation, or an humble friend; as fashionable folk are near.

Yonder is a statesman: gliding about alone: watchful: thoughtful: cautious: pondering national characters: habits: capabilities: loca-

lities: wants: superfluities: rival systems of policy, their fruits and workings: imagining new combinations: speculating on remote consequences.

Is here one abhorring England, and her institutions: hoping he sees her approaching downfall, their subversion?

Yonder walks one who has committed, or is meditating, great crime; and hoping that his heavy eye may here be attracted, and his mind dazzled into a moment's forgetfulness; but it is in vain.

There is a philosopher, to whose attuned ear the Spectacle speaks myriad-tongued: telling of patient sagacity: long foiled, at length—or suddenly—triumphant: of centuries of misdirected, abortive toil: of pain, suffering, privation: of one sowing what another shall reap:

Here is a philanthropist—thinking of blood-stained slavery.

Of millions, dealt with as though they were

the very beasts that perish: bought: sold: scourged: slain: as if their Maker had not seen them, nor heard their groans, nor treasured their tears: nor set them down against the appointed Reckoning.

Here is one, little thinking that he will suddenly fall dead to-morrow: having much on hand, both of business and pleasure.

There is one tottering under the weight of ninety years: to whom the grasshopper is a burden: leaning on the arms of dutiful and lusty youth: gazing with glazed eye: silent with wise wonder.

Here sits a laughing child, upon a gleaming cannon.

Yonder is a blind man, sightless amidst surrounding splendours: but there is one telling him tenderly that he stands beside the statue of Milton.

There, in the glistening centre of the Transept, stands an aged exile: venerable: widowed:

once a Queen: looking at the tranquil image of Queen Victoria: meditating, with a sigh, on the happy security of her throne.

Yonder is a musing poet: gazing silently Eastward — Westward — Northward — Southward: above—below: everywhere pouring a living tide of wonder —— nor silent —— nor noisy —— a strange hum[1]—a radiant flood of light——many-hued objects, now glittering brightly —— then glistening ——fainter and fainter, till lost in distance: whence come faintly the strains of rich music——intermingling mysteriously with the gentle hum around him—Gliding about, forms of exquisite beauty, most delicate loveliness—living, eclipsing the sculptured, beauty, at which it is looking, with blushing consciousness——yonder, a fair daugh-

[1] It is a crowd of men, says an old author, quoted in the *Morning Chronicle* of 9th August, 'with vast confusion of tongues—like Babel. The noise in it is like that of bees: a strange humming, or buzz, mixed of walking and talking—tongues and feet: it is a kind of still roar, or loud whisper.'

ter of Eve, before the Mother of all living: her shuddering eye glancing at the serpent, her ear catching the deadly whisper——Far away, in shape and gesture proudly eminent, Satan—— as it were showing all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, in a moment of time. There they are! Great Nations, new and old, with their bright banners streaming: helm: lance: sabre—scimitar——See there, solemnly silent all——Crusaders——the crashing of a mailed throng——soundless——banners—the Crescent——Cross——fierce-gleaming Saracen ——Saladin——Cœur-de-Lion——glorious De Bouillon * * * A dim religious light—— Dante —— Tasso —— Milton —— Shakspeare ——there They are! Could they see but this ——or he, with eyes like theirs——be stirred with thoughts like theirs——ah, sinking deeper still in reverie—dreamy—delicious! * * * still the hum—the dazzle——

Gifted one——Up, Laureate! Wake! Ay

—it is no dream——but radiant reality—Up, Laureate, with thy lyre, and rapturously sweep its thrilling strings! Give forth grand strains, echoing through all time to come, surpassing Pindar's, as thine his Theme transcendeth far——

* * *

Here are the Philosophers: among them HERSCHEL, the successor of Newton: standing before the huge telescope, thinking of one greater still, constructed by the philosophic Peer beside him: and they are speaking of Nebulæ resolved, resolvable: stars made faintly visible, so distant, that the mere attempt to conceive their remoteness, prostrates mortal imagination, awfully lessoning of limited faculties:—faint—just visible[1]—now hid—little specks: others: even to their vast powers, utterly and for ever invisible

[1] The author has just been informed by that vigilant observer of the Heavens, Mr Hinde, that, from the recently-published investigations of Russian astronomers, it appears

——some, whose light, though travelling in a minute twelve millions of miles, requires a thousand years to reach this planet——Each star, again, itself probably a System, on the outermost verge of another possibly containing inhabitants gifted with powers greater than man can conceive of, and who are, at this moment, with unassisted sense, viewing systems ten thousand, thousand, thousand times still farther off from them, than they from us.

* * *

—Glorious Suns, round Suns, each with its train of Planets and Satellites, for ever shrouded in the splendour of their respective suns, from the little eye of man.——Double stars——of orange, blue, green, crimson, rich ruddy purple![1]

that the light of the faintest stars visible in Herschel's twenty-feet reflector, would require 3541 Julian years to reach this earth!

[1] The star ν, Cassiopeiæ exhibits, says Sir John Herschel, the beautiful combination of a large white star, and a small one of rich ruddy purple.—Milton, in his Eighth Book of

—Think, quoth he, of twin suns, red, and green—or yellow, and blue—what resplendent variety of illumination they may afford to a planet circling about either——charming contrasts and grateful vicissitudes—a red and green day, alternating with a white one, and with darkness [1]——

——And these countless and infinitely distant systems all subject to the law of gravitation, discovered by a brief denizen of this tiny planet.——

——This Sun of ours, with all his attendants, moving bodily towards a mystic point in the Heavens. [2]——

Paradise Lost, has a remarkable passage, noticed by Herschel. The angel Raphael is saying to Adam—

> ——'Other suns, perhaps,
> With their attendant moons, thou wilt descry:
> Communicating male and female light,
> (Which two great sexes animate the world)
> Stored in each orb, perhaps, with some that live.'

Milton died about twelve years before Sir Isaac Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation.

[1] Herschel's Astronomy, pp. 394–5.

[2] I believe, said the Astronomer-Royal, Mr Airy, on a

Of stars—blazing brightly in past ages, and since mysteriously disappeared—

* * *

Yonder, are the twin sons of Science, LE VERRIER and ADAMS—a noble Pair, in noble rivalry: England and France! Speaking modestly of their sublime discovery, though one which would have gladdened the heart of Newton——

——Uranus, saith one,—discovered by the father of our living Herschel, at once doubled the boundaries of the solar system; and, at a distance of eighteen hundred and twenty-two millions of miles, is observed somewhat disturbed in performing its journey: the two astronomers, separately bent on discovering the cause, by a rare application of transcendent

recent occasion, that every astronomer who has examined this matter carefully, has come to a conclusion very nearly the same as that of Sir William Herschel, that the whole solar system is moving bodily towards a point in the constellation Hercules.

science, succeed at length in detecting the attractive influence of a remote unseen orb—a new planet: Neptune—as far beyond Uranus, as he beyond Saturn! at thirty times our own distance from the sun: two thousand eight hundred and fifty millions of miles off: moreover, not only pointing out where a Planet would ere long be found, but weighing the mass of the predicted mysterious Visitor—numbering the years of his revolution, and telling the dimensions of his stupendous orbit.[1]

Behold, at length The Intruder! attended now by Satellite, gleaming—in cold, shadowy, remote splendour—and graciously visible, first, to the

[1] Given, says a Scotch astronomer,—in recording this amazing stretch of science and intellect,—the position, mass, and periodic times of two planets; the astronomer is able, though it is no easy task, to calculate the perturbation which each will produce on the other. But the problem resolved by these two French and English astronomers—viz., *given the perturbation*—to find the POSITION, MASS, and PERIODIC TIME of an unknown disturbing body—is one of such infinite difficulty, that certainly few astronomers believed it possible.

eyes of the patient twins of astronomic science —Neptune, now just five years old!——

Yonder is BESSEL, the Prussian Astronomer, discoverer, at length, of the distance of a Fixed Star! — sixty-three billions of miles off![1] —— nearly seven hundred thousand times our own distance from the sun—which is ninety-five millions three hundred thousand miles away! And this utterly inconceivable distance exactly measured, by means of a common yard-measure! ——And there is another telling an incredulous wonderer that we have weighed The Sun! and his planets——even Neptune!—ay, down to the pound-weight avoirdupois[2]—and even,

[1] Enormous as this distance is, (63,000,000,000,000 miles,) says our Astronomer-Royal, I state it as my deliberate opinion, founded upon a careful examination of the whole of the process of observation and calculation, that it is ascertained with what may be called, in such a problem, considerable accuracy.

[2] The number of cubic miles in the earth, is 259,800,000,000; each of these miles contains 147,200,000,000 cubic feet; and each of these cubic feet weighs 354 lb. 6 oz. avoirdupois.—ASTRONOMER-ROYAL.

—for the fastidiously exact,—down to GRAINS: ——and they are standing before an instrument[1] which can weigh to the ten-thousandth part of that grain !——

There is the French FOUCAULT: who has shown to our very eyes, and since this marvellous Palace was opened, the Earth moving on its axis ! Creating a new motion in the pendulum, independent of that actual one given to it by the earth, at the point of suspension.[2]

And there is an English astronomer explaining to a gifted fair one how, just fifty years ago, the interval between Mars and Jupiter appeared vacant—within which, nevertheless, it was said,

[1] Fox's magnetised weighing-balance. There is also a barometer, showing the thousandth part of an inch in the rise and fall of the mercury !

[2] The author has personally ascertained from three of our most eminent astronomers—one of them, Sir John Herschel, another Captain Smyth—that M. Foucault's experiment is a real and successful one, though extremely delicate and difficult to perform so as to obtain correct results. Such also is the opinion of the Astronomer-Royal.

a hundred years ago, that there might have been once a Planet rolling, till shattered by some fearful internal convulsion, or collision with some heavenly body: and that, if such had been the case, its fragments might hereafter be found circling within that space: and now—amazing reality!—there are Fourteen of those fragments, ten of them found within the last five years—the last since this Palace was opened, and fitly called IRENE—and its discoverer[1] is here, saying that he is constantly watching for other and smaller fragments, believing he has already seen, and lost them again: that they come so close towards each other, that there is danger of collision—especially if their orbits should be altered by the perturbation of mighty Jupiter!——

Behold the astronomers' curiously scanning sextants, quadrants, circles, and transit instru-

[1] Mr HINDE discovered Ireno on the 19th May 1851. He is the discoverer of three of these singular and mysterious tenants of our system.

ments—and the huge telescope pointed inquisitively towards the Heavens—each thinking of his midnight vigils, sitting with eye fixed on the rolling orbs of Heaven—vast worlds in rapid harmonious motion—and speculating on the powers of telescopic vision, hereafter augmented, so as to detect the existence of stars so far off that their light has not reached us hitherto, though travelling towards us, two hundred thousand miles a second—and ten thousand times swifter than the earth in its orbit, ever since the hour when the Almighty placed Adam in Paradise——

Millions beyond millions upon millions of stars—suns—systems peopling infinitude!

— Here is one inspecting Microscopes — and telling of *their* transcendent powers, and awe-inspiring revelations—converting the smallest visible grain of sand into a vast fragment of rock, a thousand million times more bulky:[1] showing a drop of water instinct with visible

[1] HERSCHEL'S *Discourse on Natural Philosophy*, 191.

life, myriad-formed, every atom consummately organised: within the space of a grain of mustard seed, eight millions[1] of living active creatures, all richly endowed with the organs and faculties of animal life by Him who so fearfully and wonderfully made these bodies of ours,[2] revealing an unfathomableness of organic creation in the smallest space, as of stars in the vast immense ——O, overwhelming realities and mysteries!

A world in every atom—a system in every star![3] ——

There is OWEN, profoundly pondering a

[1] PRICHARD'S *History of Infusoria*, p. 3. The author himself once saw distinctly through a very powerful Oxy-Hydrogen Microscope, in a single drop of clear water, a creature of transparent structure, but with a faint crimson-hued fluid actually passing through the vessels, as blood through human arteries and veins, and propelled, apparently to the very eye of the beholder, by a heart!

[2] Plato has said, in a magnificent spirit, that probably it were no difficult thing to demonstrate that the gods are as mindful of the minute, as of the vast.

[3] Chaque monde peut-être n'est qu'une atome, et chaque atome est une monde.—MADAME DE STAEL.

shapeless slab of stone, neglected, and perhaps unseen, by millions: yet may he read in it an immense significance.

Here is STEPHENSON, contemplating the model of the Britannia Bridge—and telling of his toils and anxieties, in spanning the Straits with iron tubes, through which now shoots the hissing thundering Train dizzily high o'er the stream which the Roman invader of Anglesey passed, nearly eighteen hundred years ago, with his legions, on flat-bottomed boats, and with swimming cavalry, to encounter the Druids in their last retreat: beholding women with waving torches, running, with dishevelled locks, to and fro, and in wild shrieks echoing the imprecations of their priests, all soon silenced, and their utterers slaughtered, and flung into fires prepared for the invaders.

Now he is speaking with brother engineers —English, French, German, Russian—showing the Hydraulic Press, which raised to the

height of a hundred feet, huge tubes of iron two thousand tons in weight:—now the French turbine: the centrifugal pump: the steam-hammer—oh, mighty STEAM!

—Here behold POWER—exact: docile: delicate: tremendous in operation—dealing, easily, alike with filmy gossamer lace, silk, flax, hemp, cotton, granite, iron—Power, all bright and gleaming, as though conscious, and endued with volition: exhibiting bewildering complexities of movement, and working vast results: movements which yet a child's finger may stop suddenly, as though he had unwittingly caused Mechanical death——

Here is FARADAY, speaking of magnetism, electricity, galvanism, electro-galvanism, electro-magnetism, and chemical decomposition:—while one beside him is conjecturing whether light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and other forms of FORCE,[1] may not ere long be brought into dis-

[1] See Mr ANSTED's *Geology*, and Mr GROVE's *Correlation of Physical Forces*.

tinct relation to each other: obeying ONE GREAT LAW, having the same relation to atoms in proximate contact, as gravitation to those at a measurable and appreciable distance—one subtle, mysterious, all-pervading Force,—of nature, it may be, for ever undiscoverable, and potency infinite[1]—reverently be it spoken, the second Right hand of the Creator,[2] Chemical power, the great controlling and conservative agency,—as Mechanical power, the First——

And has the modest philosopher a flickering consciousness, a faint oft-vanishing suspicion, that he is about to behold Nature's secret recesses

[1] Faraday's discovery, that the elements and compounds which are not attracted by the magnet, and do not arrange themselves parallel to the earth's axis, are repelled by the magnet, and arrange themselves (if having the form of a bar) in an equatorial position—that is, in a plane at right angles to the straight lines joining the two Poles—has been pronounced to be the most important contribution to physical science, since the discovery of Newton concerning the law of force in gravitation, and the universal action of that force.—See ANSTED'S *Geology*, p. 18.

[2] Dr Macculloch.

and laboratories, closed since the Creation, suddenly thrown open ?——

That he stands on the threshold of some tremendous discovery, pregnant with revolution ?——

* * *

See, all around, the shining traces of MAN'S Presence and Powers, in this his allotted scene of action—powers daily developing, till the strongest Intellect bends under the pressure of accumulated discovery:

Lord of the creation, all animals are his—the fowls of the air: the fishes of the sea: cattle: and every creeping thing:

He captures them: compels them to do his bidding:

Changes their nature: turns their weapons upon themselves: slays them:

Nay, he TORTURES, in the plenitude of his power, in the wantonness of his will:

Minute or stupendous: hideous or beautiful:

gentle or fierce, all own his sway, and fall his prey, alike for his necessity, or his sport;

He feasts on their flesh: with it, daintily pampers his luxurious palate: he gaily decks himself in their spoils: he imprisons them, —captive witnesses of his Lordship:

Smiling tranquilly, he contemplates howling, roaring, hissing, yawning monsters, whose very blighting breath he feels:

Tenants of every element: scorpion: serpent: eagle: lion: dragon: behemoth!

He hollows mountains: he levels hills: he raises valleys: he splits open rocks: he spans vast streams: he beats back the roaring ocean.

He mounts into the air, and is dizzily hid in the clouds:

He descends into the earth, and extorts its precious treasures:

He sails round the globe, defiant of storm, commanding the wind and the tide:

He dives to the bottom of the ocean, mindless of monsters amazed, rifling its coral and pearl, and recovering its long-hidden spoils.

He turns water into air, and air into water: the solid substance into fleeting vapour, and vapour again into substance.

Light and the lightning he hath made his dazzling ministers and messengers: they do his imperious bidding: they array his handiwork, in the twinkling of an eye, in splendour, golden and silver: they image his lordly features: arrest the fleeting shadow: do the dread behests of justice, flying fast as his thought: speak his instant pleasure beneath the ocean: from distant shore, to shore: traversing continents: joining the East, West, North, South: and boldly threatening Time and Space.

His venturous eye has pierced the awful Heaven: he scans illimitable space: he weighs the shining orbs: he tells their laws, distances, motions, and relations: the misty WAY he turns into myriad blazing suns: he tracks the mysterious travellers of remotest space, foretelling their COMINGS and their GOINGS.

He dares even to speculate upon the Unseen——

The Infinite——

Omniscience——

Omnipresence——

Omnipotence——

And reverently contemplates Him Whose darkened Image he bears, oft forgetfully: HIS MAKER: Him, who erst asked awfully, *Adam, Where art thou?*

The High and Lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is HOLY—Who saith, I dwell in the high and holy place: with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit: to

revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite.

He hath showed thee, O Man, what is good: and what doth He require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

This, from the highest Heavens—the Holy of Holies!

From GOD, to Man——

—O come, let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For He is the Lord our God, and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand!—

—O, what a piece of work is a Man!

How noble in reason!

How infinite in faculty!

In form and moving, how express and admirable!

In action, how like an angel!
In apprehension, how like a God!
The beauty of the world!

—But, methinks, great Bard, I hear a grander voice than thine, while my abased[1] head touches my kindred dust, in trembling humbled awe—

—When I consider THY heavens, the work of THY fingers:

The Moon, and the Stars, which THOU hast ordained:

What is man, that THOU art mindful of him,
And the son of man, that THOU visitest him:[2]
Man, like a thing of naught, his time passing away like a shadow!

* * *

[1] There is an abasement because of glory: and there is that lifteth up his head from a low estate.—Eccles. xx. 11.

[2] SHAKSPEARE, *Hamlet*, act ii., scene 2. Psalm viii. 3-4. —Our illustrious philosopher Boyle, never heard the name of the Deity mentioned, nor mentioned it himself, without humbly taking off his hat.

KOH-I-NOOR. — All hail! Monarch of Gems — so say some of thy courtly flatterers. For such thou, royal one, like other royal ones, most surely hast! Art thou a Queen, yet not The Queen of gems? They whisper of an Imperial gem — and another of priceless value; as yet uncut — as though Royalty mistrusted lapidary — or its Gem!

And thou, art but half-cut, oh Koh-i-Noor! Shorn of half thy beams!

Did barbarian ignorance arrest and palsy the tremulous hand patiently developing thy prismatic splendour?

And art thou doomed ever to wear this disfigured and half-darkened form?

What art thou, Koh-i-Noor? Hearest thou the name given thee, obsequiously?—

MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT!

Glittering atom—morsel of earth—condensed vapour—charcoal—

Dare I whisper these things in royal ear?
Thou, a Mountain?
Perchance thou knowest what man, to know, would give unnumbered millions—
One a thousand times as great, as bright, as beautiful, as thou; but hid for ever from the eye of man—
True mountain crystalline!——and scarce missed, but exactly missed, by the sharp pick-axe of the wearied slave!
Such little, little,[1] gems as thou, alone, Koh-i-Noor, to man vouchsafed,
Lying in dirt, deep in dirt—in Golconda's mine.
Thou hast a mystery about thee, Koh-i-Noor.
Art thou a thing, but as of yesterday—or million, million ages old?
Dost thou, a radiant messenger, tell us of

[1] The largest known diamond weighed, it is said, before cutting, nearly six ounces Troy.

central fire, whose fearful office has been foretold to man?[1]

Proud Gem, loving the summit of the diadem — and potent sceptre, emblems of power supreme—sitting before us, throned in state, and with thy two supporters, here hast thou received homage of millions——

And yet thy throne, methinks, too low!

Two of thy royal race, may be thou knowest, are glistering eyes of hideous Juggernaut.

And thou, fair Koh-i-Noor! wast doomed to bear them dismal company, and flame upon the brow of Moloch—horrid king besmeared with blood of human sacrifice.——

Grim idol——towering o'er slaughtered millions—

Ay, Koh-i-Noor, destined to this office, and by a Dying tyrant—

[1] Thirty-five miles below the surface of the earth, says Humboldt, (*Cosmos*, vol. i. p. 273,) the central heat is everywhere so great, that granite itself is held in fusion.

Another happier fate was thine!

Here art thou, sent hither by thy royal Mistress, brought to her by her brave sons from the distant East.

And she hath sent thee hither, Koh-i-Noor, silently to teach, and to delight the eyes of those she loves.

A store of gems she hath, of thy bright sisterhood; but hear it, beaming bit of earth!

She hath a jewel far outblazing thee, guarded more jealously—

Not by brazen bars,

But, shrined within her Royal heart of hearts, there lies a people's Love.

Koh-i-Noor—having done thee suit and service due, with my myriad fellows, lo! I would speak with thee!

What thoughts are passing through thy translucent bosom,

Purest ray Serene!

Thou hast beauteous kinsfolk: lovely sisters: arrayed in sapphire, ruby, emerald hue:

But also,

A black sister, Koh-i-Noor——

Standing modestly, far away from thee: within this Palace, but not in thine.

What! art thou ashamed of her? Wouldst thou disclaim relationship?

Not so, sweet gem! And now I do bethink me, I, too, my black brother have:

And I disclaim him not.

Behold him by my side—

Give me thy hand, black brother, Son of Adam, once fetter-laden—not by us, but fetter-freed! Come, pass me by, and take thy stand, erect and free, fearless 'midst England's great, and beautiful, and brave!

And thus thinketh THE QUEEN, of the two Diamonds!

—Koh-i-Noor, all is not flattery, that hath been whispered by the millions who have gazed at thee.

I wonder hast thou heard—whispering disparagement—expectation disappointed——

Depreciation—Sneers.——Yet art thou all thou dost profess to be, come from a Queen: destined with English Queens and Kings, to be all time hereafter———

O gem! Couldst thou know what thoughts and feelings, strange and various, oft scarcely owned, thou hast excited here!

Couldst thou read the hearts of those who now are clustering, bee-like, around thy throne, thy footstool!

Here a Philosopher: coldly deeming thee a shining exponent of false value.

There a Chemist: smiling at thy fancied adamantineness: knowing that he can resolve thee into primitive vapour:[1] dreaming, even, that he can re-produce thee in thy crystalline form!

[1] Sir Isaac Newton, in speculating on the connection between the chemical composition of bodies and their refractive powers, came to the conclusion that diamond

Yonder is one looking at thee with fell eye: knowing that he could do murder, to get thee, or thy worth.

There here have gazed on thee, owners of GEMS more precious, incomparably far, than thou.

One, of melting charity, a good Samaritan: musing that, had he thy fancied equivalent of gold and silver, he would secretly scatter thy radiant representatives over the dark realms of misery and want—Where hopeless Anguish pours her moan, and lonely Want retires to die!

Seest thou a feeble form, attenuate, the death-flower blooming on his wasted cheek?

He dare not mingle with the eager throng ceaselessly surrounding thee.

His brilliant eye, hath caught but distant glimpse of thee.

was 'an unctuous substance coagulated:' a sagacious prediction, says Sir David Brewster, verified in the discoveries of modern chemistry.

On his eyelids is the shadow of death. He, too, bears a gem within: Genius: its splendour consuming the frail casket.

By its inner light he views this scene—his soul a star, dwelling apart, in starry solitude—as not a soul of all within these glassy walls can view it: No, none, save gifted he:

Motes in sunbeams, merely, they, with him compared.

Gifted one! Dear soul: Poor soul! an humble eye is on thee—all unknown to thee: unseen by man, a tear hath fallen.

I can no more: no mortal man can stay thy flight from earth to native skies.

—Not many suns shall set, well knoweth he, alas! who now, with trembling hand, wipeth the death dew from his exhausted brow, ere he

Close hid, in dust shall lie—yet seen by one Omniscient Eye—

Hidden the casket, only: the jewel far away,

high in the skies,——and rapturously viewing brighter scenes than these!

And yonder one, of mien so meek and modest! Schooled in affliction's sharpest school —a sufferer—schooled! sublimed!

Nor grief, nor want, nor pain,—neglect, nor scorn of proud Mankind, can shake his constant soul,

Nor dim the Gem he bears—

A FAITH, divine.

Oh what a blessed eye is his, looking serene on thee!

Mountain of Light!—Pale now thy uneffectual fire,

Poor gem, eclipsèd utterly.

A dull, faint spark before the lustrous gem He wears!

Its sweet light shall shine more sweetly still,

In the Dark Valley which we all must tread,

Turning the shadow of death, into the morning.—

Taken the last dark step,—at length got Home,
Then that gem blazes suddenly! as in a kindred element—
Illuming immortality.

* * *

—Aloof he stood from courtly crowd
Around the throne of Koh-i-Noor.
Of the crowd, and not the gem, thought he:
With folded arms, standing, while a faint smile flickered o'er his thought-worn face.
This was a deep Philosopher.
—I know a STONE, quoth he, not far away,
Which I prefer to Koh-i-Noor.
But nobody sees, and nobody cares
For that same stone.
It glittereth not like Koh-i-Noor,
Yet tells a tale that's music in my ear—
And would be so to millions more,

Wonderful to the world, if but the world would hear—

O mild Philosopher, quoth I—

What you have murmured, I have heard: I'll see your stone;

And what it then shall speak, interpret to an ignorant ear—

——— Away — away — o'er ocean swiftly sweeping,

And in cold Canada!

Yes, there, saith he, It lies. A slab of plain grey stone, under deep strata for ages hid; inscribed by Nature's mystical finger, with faintest character, for reading of instructed eye.

But, ho! the time—the time! when this was writ—

Millions of ages since have passed——

No stone, was then this stone,

But sand of a sea,

Washed by primeval ocean of this Planet!

So long ago——

O, so long ago, I fear to say and be believed——

When flourished the Forests turned to coal,
Is but as Yesterday,
In comparison,
Of that far distant day,
When that Sea
Or gently kissed, or boisterously beat,
Upon that ancient shore.
Then all along that shore, those sands,
Now, This Stone,
A reptile crawled, slowly, painfully:
Now moving on: then resting for a while,
Tired, or, perchance, looking for food:
But wotting little he, the while——
That reptile old and strange!
That his footsteps would be tracked,
And his uncouth figure pictured thence,
By a keen and learned eye
In this Our Day,
Millions of ages after,

That sand then,
Stone now, here,
Within our Palace!
—A Tortoise he these prints that made.
And, still more than this,
Behold the trace of the passing Shower!
That may have beat upon his horny back,
As he crawled along that ancient shore,
When low lay the tide——
More still, than this——
The direction of the wind I tell,
While fell that shower.
——Sir, it is well to scan
What's writ on this neglected Stone.
Though faint its character, its import is sublime.
Telling of Life, and Air sustaining it:
Of genial Showers, moistening the ground:
Flux and reflux of tidal wave:
Attractive force of the revolving orbs of Light,

Greater and lesser,
Night and day then governing[1] ——
All, all revealed to him, who, coming countless ages after,
Scanneth this Stone, with an instructed eye.
—Therefore, wonderful is this Stone,
Thus mystically writ upon. And
It is the True Philosopher's Stone——
—I listened thoughtfully, and again he spoke,
For we were all alone: others
Attending the levees of Koh-i-Noor,
And her Royal sisters.
—While crawled that Tortoise on this Shore,
And zephyrs swept his horny back,
The Sun upon the sea,
At morning, noon, and even shone;
By night, the silver moon:
But from the surface of that ancient sea,
Looked None up,

[1] See NOTE, No. VII.—'The Philosopher's Stone.'

Rejoicing in the lovely light,——
No ship, no sail, nor boat, nor barque,—not all the world of undulating waters o'er—
But far beneath,
In dim abyss,
Glared hideous upturned eyes[1] of CHEPHALASP——
Waiting his gorged prey of Shark,
Itself devouring other!

Age after age rolled on——
Still shone the rising and the setting Sun,
In silent splendour;
But now upon the monster PLESIOSAUR,
Slimy and black,
Uprising from its muddy bed, and

[1] There are extant, in our Museum, fossil remains of one of these ancient Monsters—the Ichthyosaurus—showing orbits upwards of *eighteen inches across!* 'so that it would require a string five feet long to surround the cavity of the eye!' See Mr ANSTED'S *Ancient World*—an eloquent and deeply-interesting volume, richly repaying perusal.

Crawling fearful to that sea, with neck outstretched and flaming eye——

Still waxed and waned the gentle Moon,
Upon the earth, all verdant now!
Which trod the IGUANODON,
And MEGALOSAUR,
And next, trembled 'neath ponderous foot of DEINOTHERE——
And huger MASTODON[1]——

——Still, still rolled on the globe,
But lo!—
Outbursting frightful fires!
Rolling the flaming lava forth,
Hissing through boiling sea!
Tremendous thunderings shaking sea, earth, air,

[1] There is a magnificent and complete skeleton of the Mastodon now in the British Museum. See NOTE, No. VIII.—'Ancient Monsters.'

Frighting the monsters far beneath the wave,
Or basking on the heaving earth——
Lo! continents upheaved from ocean,
And continents 'neath ocean whelmed——
——While shone the dazzling Sun,
The sweetly pensive Moon,
By day, by night,
Serenely o'er the scene terrific all!
—O what a glimpse, to straining eye, through vista vast, of the far distant past——
This marvellous Stone hath given——
Of times unknowing Man,
Scenes by his foot untrodden——
Man, future Lord of Earth,
Ordained, in God's good time, to be!
—What! have ye found no trace—no trace of Man,
In all these ages past?—I wondering asked.
World-wide and deep, quoth he, hath been our search,
And keen and close——and all in vain!

No trace—no faintest trace—of Man, or of his works——

But of HIS MAKER'S presence,
His footsteps Awful,
Everywhere.

O, ONE Glorious!
Only THOU,
Supreme! Thou Ever Present! Active Ever!
Solely life-infusing THOU!
For Thy mysterious pleasure, and purpose inconceivable, creating all!
Upholding all things by Thy power——
All ruling by Thy Wisdom Infinite,
With foresight, and with providence,
Awful, ineffable!
O blessed THOU!
Or dead or living things, organic, inorganic,
Mighty! little! Seen! Unseen!
Thou dost develop, modify, adapt,
For uses, ends, and purposes, some

Dimly by Us, thy trembling finite ones, O Infinite One! perceived,
But little understanding—
That little, by Thy light
Vouchsafed,
Dooming others ever to be unknown,
But to THYSELF,
In Whose Omniscient Omnipresent sight,
A thousand years are but
As yesterday,
When it is past! as a watch in the night!
With Whom one day,
Is as a thousand years!
And a thousand years,
As one day.

—Thus, in the stony volume of the Earth,
Though opened late, I lessons read,
Designed, for human eye to see, and mind to scan and ponder,
By Him who writ that record,

Graciously,
And one Other,
Also here, in myriad form magnificent,
Both, telling of His Being, Doings, Will;
And His alone the power,
To make His creatures read,
Both volumes right.

* * *

——Ay, quoth he
To me, with a high sadness sighing,
With gentle Spenser muse——

When I bethinke me on that speech—whyleare
Of Mutability, and well it way;
Me seemes, That though she all unworthy were
Of the Heaven's rule; yet, very sooth to say,
In all things else she bears the greatest sway:
Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,
And love of things so vaine to cast away:
Whose flowering pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle.

Then gin I think on that which Nature sayd,
Of that same time when no more change shall be,
But steadfast rest of all things, firmly stayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie :
For all that moveth doth in change delight :
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight :
O ! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabbath's sight ![1]

* * *

—Bevie of ladies bright, raunged in a row ![2] Your lovely eyes, yet gem-dazzled, look now on Lace ![3] and delicate Embroidery ! Telling,

[1] The close of THE FAERIE QUEENE.

[2] SPENSER, *Shepherd's Calendar*—April.

[3] In the construction of lace, it would seem that man has approached somewhat closely to his skilful and subtle rival, the spider. The thread of which the finest lace is made, we learn from the authorised *Popular Guide to the Great Exhibition*, is the most delicate filament produced by human skill. Its tenuity is so extreme, that it cannot be untied, it is said, in turbulent weather !—when the current of air would be likely to injure its continuity.

Of pious nuns and ladies high, and all their patient toil! Of young thoughts, cruelly imprisoned: and of musings solemn, while plied the fingers taper the ever unwearied needle at length,—well-loved,

And last of all——in sequestered cell, the gentle eyes, dimming in death, beheld her delicate toils, decking the altar, or the robe of priest, solemn! severe!—— while incense in faint fragrance soothed the sinking sense—— and died the melting chant and organ's pealing harmony, deliciously upon the dying ear——

—Now plies the merry Bobbin! at bidding of imperious Steam, hissing his Will, all irresistible, while gaze distracted myriads on——all busy once.——

Work on, then, O remorseless Power—all undisturbed by sight of those, whom Thou hast silenced!

Now, spread attractively before your eyes, ye softly-rustling ones, daintily satin-clad, in lovely form and attitude—the Silks.——

Daughters of Eve! how fond your ardent gaze! Ay, ay! And they are beautiful—— radiant in every hue—glistening—glossy—

—Turn, beauteous high-born one, with thoughtful eye!

Turn, for a while, aside with *me*——

Come, see a Worm—

To whom, my lovely one, my thoughtful one! thou owest thy rich and rare attire! Come, Ladye faire, and see a Worm.—

—Emblem and type of Change! and Immortality!

O, wondrous worm!

Self-shrouded,

In thy silken tomb!

Thy golden tomb!

Anon to emerge in brighter form, on higher life intent, winging thy glad flight, in sun-

shine,—far away,—to scenes unknown before—

But that stern man,

Thy mystic transformation intercepts,

With fatal fires:

Consuming tenant, for the Sepulchre!

List, ladye!—

Pause, Man! O stay thy fatal purpose! Hark!

Poor spinner! little doomed one!—

Still at work, within,

Unconscious of thy bootless toil, nor dreaming of thy cruel end——

—Now sheds this Beauty gentle, in death-ravished spoils arrayed! a Tear.

Let it fall, ladye, and another, yet, distilling from thy dear and lustrous eyes,

Sparkling in the light of Heaven,

Which gave the heart to feel, for Man, or Worm!

Lesson of mercy, from the Merciful!

—Mystic worm! Hadst thou remained unknown to man,

Wouldst thou have still spun[1] on:

As for sixty centuries past, so for numberless to come!

Why?

Let me not seek to dive, presumptuous, into the hidden purposes of Heaven.

Whose was the cunning eye that saw thee first,

And gave thee to the tender mercies of Mankind?

Linking thy modest fate with ours;

Luxurious and exacting Man!

— — —

[1] A single silk-worm has spun a thread 625 yards in length. Taking, however, the average produce of this wonderful creature at only 300 yards each, and 2817 cocoons—*i. e.*, the oval ball, formed by a long filament of fine yellow silk emitted from the stomach—as requisite to produce a pound of reeled silk filament, it would extend to the astounding length of 480 miles!

Where shall the Eye find rest, and where the Mind, in this Palace, vividly bright and vast!

I catch contagion from the eager Life, restlessly streaming round: All ear! All eye!

All sense! All Soul! And all assailed at once!

Rarer and rarer seems the air,

With the spirit of mankind,

Mysteriously instinct.

Lo!—Power: Daring: highest feats, crowning defeats: Achievement, looking proudly down, on vanquished vaunting Impossibility.

Where'er I go, where'er I look, I see triumphant Intellect!—

Reason, supreme, severe——all Real——

Ah, yonder,—Fancy, with fantastic Unreality, gracefully frolicking!

Puck! Ariel! Oberon! Titania!

Droll sprites,

Mimicking grand airs of Man!

Up, Master Puck!—Thou merry Wanderer of the night!

Go, put thy girdle round about the earth in forty minutes!

Off, on thy journey! Lingering not, in this enchanted Palace——

Haste! haste! For our TITANIA'S bidding hath already flown on hidden wire the globe all round over land and under ocean and all her folk are looking out to see thee flying by binding her realms with unseen cincture——

Quick, Puck! Outrun the lightning!

Confounding scene! Bewildering faculties conversant most with multiplicity!

The True! the False! the Present! Past! Dim dreams of Future!

Lessons of Holy Writ——heroes of Heathen song: glimpses of Grecian, Roman story:

Here mighty SAMPSON: RIZPAH there, tenderly watching, patiently, o'er her dead sons:

Here JACOB, whispering ardently, and blushing RACHEL, beautiful, listening, with downcast eye and thrilling heart——

Here MURDERED INNOCENTS: there living INNOCENCE in prayer, drawing down Heavenly influence: here GOOD SAMARITAN: and there—

Meek VIRGIN, with her BABE, for ever Blest!

PROMETHEUS on his rock, in agony immortal, the Vulture eyeing, with talons ever crimsoned in his blood: ——ACHILLES here, the deadly arrow quivering in his vulnerable heel:

Yonder, a WOUNDED INDIAN: suffering pair! strangely assorted!

VIRGINIUS here, who wrote his daughter's honour in her blood.

Here dauntless AMAZON: and there quaint PAN.

Stern HAMPDEN here: and there great

FALKLAND, slain in his youthful prime: brave, learned, loyal, virtuous, incomparable.[1]

Glorious DE BOUILLON here! Famed Warrior of the Cross! Conqueror of Ascalon! Captor of Jerusalem! Hero of dazzling darkened Tasso's song! O, pious Prince! Who meekly wouldst not wear a Crown of Gold,

Where thy loved Lord had worn a crown of thorns![2]

Immortal SHAKSPEARE!

—O Homer! Æschylus! Dante! Tasso! Shakspeare! Milton! O, ye, enchanting

Time into forgetfulness! Ye Lords of Song!

[1] Thus fell, says the noble historian of the Rebellion, —in that battle (Newbery) this incomparable young man, in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age; having so much despatched the business of life, that the oldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence. Whosoever leads such a life, needs not care upon how short warning it be taken from him.

[2] Godfrey de Bouillon would not suffer himself to be proclaimed and crowned King of Jerusalem, even in the

Creators of imagined worlds, peopled with glorious ones:

Heroes! Gods! Demigods! Angels! Archangels!

Imaged all round!—

But chiefly thee I call—the warrior Poet thou—hero of Marathon and Salamis, telling of Prometheus's fate, the Impious one, stealing down fire from Heaven[1]——

O ye! your brows with chaplets wreathed, of lustrous bloom undying! Hushed! be awhile, your lyres!

—Gaze ye upon a mortal,

Erewhile a denizen of this Our-Isle——

moment of triumph, saying that he would not be crowned with gold, in the city where his Saviour had been crowned with thorns:— a saying entitling him to immortality.

[1] Τὸ σὸν γὰρ ἄνθος, ΠΑΝΤΕΧΝΟΥ πυρὸς σέλας
Θνητοῖσι κλέψας ὥπασεν.—Προμ. Δεσμ.

Any one may find his account in reading, or re-reading, this sublime composition, *The Prometheus Bound*, by the light of the Crystal Palace.

See him, on bended knee,
With a majestic reverence,
And a sublime humility,
With thought profound, far-stretching——
His eye first touched with Holy light,
Scanning immensity.
Behold !——The glorious sight at length
Vouchsafed !
Key of the Universe,[1]
First placed in mortal hands,
By dread Omnipotence.
—How that hand trembled[2] to receive the gift!
Had sunk The Soul, nigh awe-dissolved !
O, unconceived magnificence——The Heavens outspread——
Suns ! Planets ! Satellites ! Comets ! Stars !

[1] The law of gravitation, says one entitled and competent to make such a declaration, (Sir John Herschel,) is the most universal truth at which human reason has yet arrived.

[2] When Newton began to perceive that his calculations were establishing the truth of his prodigious discovery, he became so agitated that he was unable to continue them,

Endlessly! resplendently! stupendously!
Ever circling in the void immense,
Infinitude,
Obedient to the mystic Law,
Then first revealed!
See him gaze——with pious Wonder—gazing——
—Yet silent, bards!
And thou, grand Æschylus! thy lyre hath fallen from thy hand!
Even thou, great Milton, stand'st transfixed with awe——
Immortal harmonies thou hearest——
While sing the Morning Stars together, and shout the Sons of God for joy——

* * *

and intrusted the completion to one of his friends. Probably no other human breast ever vibrated with such emotions as those.—Sir David Brewster justly observes, that the publication of the *Principia* will form an epoch in the history of the world, and will ever be regarded as the brightest page in the records of human reason.

52524

——Lead me, thou gentle Presence—
My spirit faints,——and endless Glitter blinds the exhausted eye——
From the silent shining Heavens,
Descending——again I tread the earth—
This earth, itself small Tenant of the Heavens——
And given to Man, to be a while his little home——
Appointed scene of hopes, and fears, and trials——
His little hopes, anxieties, and fears—
Though little, awful, all ordained!

Yes—still flows on the humming living stream —— the still sad music of humanity——

* * *

—— A WORKMAN! working! — working HERE!

Unmoved and undisturbed by myriads' scrutiny——

—O, Artificer consummate! exquisite!

On his own fixed purposes intent! One of a State, a busy state, completely organised!

O'er whose Economy, pondered the mighty Stagyrite——

And well he knew that on his Master's lips,

Sleeping, great infant, PLATO! in a myrtle bower,

Some pilgrim members of the mystic State,

Clustering, let honey fall!

O, besy Bee, withouten gile![1] on Thee I gaze!

[1] Chaucer, *The Second Nonne's Tale.*—When the author had the happiness of seeing this Bee, he was, for a while, solitary, very methodically repairing one of the cells. By-and-by, two or three other Bees came up to him, as if to inspect progress; and, seemingly satisfied, went away, leaving him carefully adjusting a layer of wax.

I, in this Hive of mine,
On Thee, in thine!
—Dear insect! I would speak with thee!
I feel a sympathy of kin with thee!
—Whence camest thou, mysterious little one?
Co-tenant of the globe with me!
Were Thy first Parents
Twin tenants of The Garden, Paradise,
With mine,
All happy, bright, and beautiful,
And freshly into being called,
By God?
Linked in fond embrace, unknowing sin, or shame,
All loving! and all loved!
Have Adam, Eve,
Wandering the Garden o'er, among the flowers,
Perceived Thy little Ancestors
There also!
Hath our sweet Mother,

While balmy zephyr dallied with her clustering curls so tenderly,

Watched Thine, so tiny,

From blossom to blossom wildly winging her way

With honeyed hum,

And ecstasy,

Till hidden rapturously,

In petals of the lovely Lily?

Anon out flew she! jocund and free!

Fearless of stifling violence, though seen the little storehouse of her toils——

—Ah, blithesome Bees!

What hours were those!

—A change! a cloud! and Gloom! and Waters!

And that strange ARK!——

Were thy ancestors, Two only,[1] also there!

[1] Genesis, vi. 19, 20.

Oft flying out, as thou and thine oft quit at will,[1] this hive,

This hive of Yours, this hive of Ours—

But THEN no flowers! as NOW, to rest upon——

Waters all——

—And didst thou quit the roving Raven, and return alone—

Anon, twin traveller of the Dove,

Then left alone, on the damp top of olive-tree—

Amazed ——a-hungered——sunshine!—— but no flowers!——

Ye ancient, dear, companions of our race!

Man and his Bee,

After six thousand years of slaughter and of spoil,

O, slaughtered Bee! Dear Bee! Poor Bee!

Ye still are with us, plying your innocent toils——

[1] The bees fly in and out, at will, at the Crystal Palace.

Ye Victims! Rivals! Monitors! of man!

Tiny Expositor forsooth! Exhibitor! of Industry—

Yet, I do misgive me that I see, in thee, a small Unmedalled one!——

In this Our Palace! Hive! Our Royal Hive!

Were ye ordained to gather for yourselves alone, and not for us, though from Our flowers?

Ye skilled ones! why keep your science, all to yourselves?

For sixty centuries we taste, luxurious, what you gather and prepare,

But have not learned your art, and cannot supersede your toils!

Make ye honey now, as from the first, ye did?

Perfect and pure,[1] then as now, now as then?

—How choose ye Flowers? Or do ye choose?

[1] Aristotle thought that the honey gathered by bees was a dew fallen from Heaven; and perhaps he was not—shall one say it?—very far from the truth.

Know ye blossoms fruitful, barren? Or are they all to you, ye little Alchemists! alike?

Go ye a first, a second time, in vain?

O strange Bees! Why do ye gather from the poison-flowers,[1]

Sweets hurtful—deadly to yourselves—or us?

Is it your being's End and Aim, to gather honey?

Or hath Omnipotent Omniscience, all Benevolent,

[1] Xenophon (who, from the beauty and simplicity of his style, was called the Bee of Grecce) relates, in the Tenth Book of the Expedition of Cyrus, that great numbers of the Greek soldiers, when encamped in the villages, after carrying a position in the Colchian mountains, found many bee-hives, and, partaking freely of the honey, were affected in an extraordinary manner—alarming the whole army, lying on the ground, as if prostrate from defeat. Those who ate but little, says Xenophon, were like men very drunk (σφόδρα μεθύουσιν ἰώζισαν;) those who ate much, like madmen (μαινομένοις;) and some like dying persons (ἀποθνήσκουσιν.) All, however, recovered. Pliny tells us that there was a honey in those parts called Mainomena, from its maddening effects, and that it was gathered from the flowers of the rhododendros.—Poisonous honey has also been gathered in large quantities by the American bees.

Other and deeper purposes,[1] in His Divine economy, ever inscrutable by man?

Your structure and your doings, little MYSTERY, perplexed great Aristotle.

And, twenty centuries since past away,

A mystery shrouds you yet——

Seen deepest into, by a blind Bee-lover!

How little thought ye of the amazing glass,

Enlarging to a Mammoth magnitude your tiny form!

Yet, still great secrets in your Sense!

Do ye hear?—That organ's solemn swell—is it unheard by thee—unfelt through thrilling air—art thou not tempted to suspend thy toil?

Thou shar'st proboscis with the Elephant;

With Chemist, laboratory—

What Sight is thine! High in the skies an hour ago,

Still sawest thou this hive of ours,

[1] See NOTE, No. IX.—'The Bee Mystery.'

So vast, and thy own little one within,—
And honey-laden, downward didst dart, with lightning speed—

And thy gains, deposited in store,

Thou ever indefatigable Bee, art instant here, repairing this thy hive!

Didst thou see, or note our Queen, contemplative, musing on thee, and on thy mystery?

Do ye see the stars? Wondering, if Bees be there?

It much misgiveth me ye cannot weigh the Sun——nor tell of coming comets, eclipse, and Neptune far away——

Yet—Little Geometer!

Thou Genius of geometry!

With His endued,

HIS, dread Geometer, who made the Heavens!

He made thee perfect, wonderful one!

Perfect at once—thy mission to fulfil—

—Come hither Architect! and Engineer! with recent triumph flushed—

This airy structure with its form compact, harmoniously adjusted, lofty dome long galleries and nave—and aisles and transept—

This Hive of Man—awhile forget: and scan this little inner Hive,

Ponder this Bee!

Perfect his work:[1] is thine?

Transcendent Mechanician, though so small!

Behold his Architecture——

A Royal Palace here—there chambers for the Royal race——doors and passages, extensive, numerous, surrounding all the Hive——Magazines well filled——and guarded jealously——Gates fortified: and within, without, stand watchful sentinels——antennæ all alert lest spoiler enter——or hideous Sphinx!——monster! death-headed!——Him to guard against, the grim intruder, they raise the Barri-

[1] See NOTE, No. X.—'The Bee and the Infinitesimal Calculus.'

cade——with bastion——casemate——gate-way massive!

They ventilate[1]

Their hive——and we would fain so ventilate our own.——

——And YE have thieves! and strict police! ——idlers——and working-classes——Quarrels ——resentments——rivalries——

YE Emigrate——ye Colonise——co-operate——

——Forsooth! Marauding expeditions! Sieges! Battles! Civil wars! and Massacres —even as we ours——

Of Albigense, Waldense, and Huguenot!

And YE, too, have A—Queen!

[1] How this indispensable process was carried on, baffled the research and speculation of ages. At length the mystery was solved, and recently. The bees appointed for the purpose, stand waving their wings—with a motion different from that used in flight—with untiring energy; and, to gain the full effect of it, *first attach their feet firmly to the floor*, and by these means cause distinctly-perceptible currents of air to circulate through the hive!

Living in stately palace——on delicate fare —— attendants —— courtly —— affectionate[1] ——and guards——

A royal progeny—

Queenly cares——for her dear busy subjects all concerned——

Bee, wast THOU spectator of that dreadful fight wherein she slew her Rival——insolent Pretender to her Throne——ever since, reigning all peacefully?——

Dost thou remember when, awhile ye lost your Queen——anon the consternation through her realm——work all suspended——infants untended and unfed——all, all amazed——all hurrying to and fro——flying from hive to

[1] Unexpectedly, I one day saw a queen on a comb: the next day I was favoured with a like view. She remained each day about an hour—the bees very respectfully making a free passage for her as she approached. About a dozen of them tenderly licked and brushed her all over, while others attended to feed her.—*The Ancient Beemaster's Farewell*, by JOHN KEYS, p. 8, A.D. 1796.

outer air —— to seek your Queen, ye loyal loving ones?——See, she returns——and all again repose, and peace!

——I wonder, royal BEE, if ever thinks of thee, the ANT republican? musing on thy well-compacted State —— strictly subordinate ——and one supreme, lovely, guardian of order and of law?——for ye, too, have strict statutes, and most biting laws!

Ye pattern type of conduct, policy, and government——sagacity!

Experienced —— forecasting ones!—lessoning us human Bees and Ants, royal! republican!

Know ye sorrow—shame —— remorse—— or hope——or dread despair?——

Have ye a Past, and Future? Or no to-morrow! all unconscious Now?——

And do ye THINK—The objects of your busy being know: and judge of means and end ——perceiving, remembering, judging?——

Know ye of right, or wrong?—What right? What wrong?—

Have ye a Soul, fed by undiscovered sense—or——dread question——know ye no Maker ——from that fruition glorious, eternally shut out——incapable of light——all darkness——matter and motion only, all mechanical——unconscious mimicking Intelligence?—

Or, O my soul o'erwhelmed!—and am I looking now, upon God working, in this Bee—

Ay, let me pause, mysterious Bee——

Is there 'twixt thee and me a gulf profound, ordained to be?——

Stand I, on lofty Reason's brink, gazing proudly down on you, thick clustering on the other side—on Instinct's edge——through Gulf impassable, tremendous?——

Poor Bee! Dost thou see ME—and note my speculations——thinking so curiously——so confident—of thee, thy Being——Doings?—

——MYSELF!—the while!——unconsciously contemplated by Intelligence, unseen——transcending mortal man, yet far himself from the Supreme, as finite from the Infinite——this moment loftily scanning ME,

Suspending for a while his cares sublime,[1]

And gazing down on ME—on all my Fellows clustering round——

In this our Hive, of fancied splendour! vastness! yet even to his wondrous eyes not visible——I, infinitely less to Him, than Thou to Me.

Doth he, in turn, deny me knowledge of my God, and think it to himself—perchance his awful fellows—all confined?——

To such insects quite incommunicable——

[1] Sir Isaac Newton seemed to doubt whether there were not intelligent beings superior to us, who superintended the revolution of the heavenly bodies, by the direction of the Supreme Being.—This was said by a relative of Newton, in recording a 'remarkable conversation' with him.—BREWSTER'S *Life*, pp. 364-5.

Doth he muse that we—a curious race minute
—from our little Planet peering, inquisitive, out
among the stars,
Thinking we tell their motions, distances——
Weighing both Sun and Planets——
Forsooth!
Feats stupendous! Feats sublime——
Ah, ha!——
Laughing in the skies!
With powerful Sense at length discovering
We have our records, too, of these our
feats——
Of thoughts, fancied profound!—So wise!
Straining mighty faculties!
Such learned Ants, and such sagacious Bees!
Events so great!
Tiny Waterloo!——
Armies!
Fleets!
Ah, ha!
Ants red, and blue,

Marching, magnificent, on land,
Or floating fearful o'er the Sea,
And smoke, and spark,
Emitting,
With thundering sound,
O, so very terrible!
—Thinks He,
That we, Man,

Know not the past, no future have—only dim NOW——all blind——unknowing, cause or effect—or means or end——intelligence but mimicking——having no soul——well-ordered atoms: finely organised, but stirring dust——machines alone—ordained for use of others, only, not dreamed of by ourselves—sport of their wanton will——unknowing how, or why ——THIS PALACE WE HAVE BUILT——

Reading no LESSON from it——

——Wise Spirit——benignant Presence——
Yes! I read! I mark! I learn!

I learn, O Bee! O wondrous monitor! I learn from thee!

O deep, instructive Mystery!—

Before thee, little Bee, Presumption stands abashed, and solemnly rebuked——

And Ignorance instructed, if it will!

Or conscious, or unconscious, Teacher, Bee, yes, humbly will I learn from thee!

In ONE we live, and move, and being have!

Giving to each his powers, and sphere, appropriate!—

Man! Bee!

Our mission each!

Though thine for-ever hidden from my eye,

My mission let me know, and reverently fulfil!

—Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom:

Neither let the mighty man glory in his might:

Let not the rich man glory in his riches:
But let him that glorieth,
Glory in this,
That he understandeth and knoweth ME,
That I am The Lord,
Which exercise Loving-kindness, Judgment, and Righteousness, in the Earth:
For in these things I delight, saith the Lord.[1]

[1] Jer. ix. 23, 24.

BOOK THE SECOND

BOOK THE SECOND

NIGHT, IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE!

THE seventy thousand gone![1] All gone,
And I, ALONE!
—How dread this silence!
The seventy thousand, with bright sunshine, gone,
And I alone—and moonlight all irradiates solemnly.

[1] On Tuesday the 15th July, SEVENTY-FOUR THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO PERSONS visited the Crystal Palace!

All gone!—the living stream, with its mysterious hum——

My brethren! and my sisters! gone! From every clime, of every hue, and every tongue!

But a few hours ago, all here: gleeful, eager, curious, all,

Admiring, all—instructed, thousands—

Some, stirred with deep thoughts, and fixed on musings strange——

But now, thus far on in the night, all, all, asleep —— Past, Present, Future, melted into ONE!

— Dream-dazzled some — seeing all the world, and all its denizens, at once—in every place, at once——hearing again the murmur ——hum——the pealing organ——

Ay, all alone——

The very BEES, wearied, are all asleep, in yonder hive of theirs,

Save where before the porch, stand their tiny sentinels, within, without,—all vigilant, as ours.

There's not a breath of sighing air to wake yon sleeping flowers, or stir the leaves of yon high Trees, stately sentries o'er the Flowers.

Yon banners all hang waveless—their proud devices now scarce visible—

Embleming Nations, restless! stern! in battle order seeming even yet!—startled some, convulsed but recently.

But now, at length, ASLEEP—all here, sleeping grandly secure, serene, reliant—Lately worn with war and tumult: now

Soothed into repose by sights and sounds of an unwonted Unity, and Peace and Concord,

As though they owned the Presence awful, of Him

Who maketh Wars to cease in all the world,

Saying, Be still, and know that I am God.

Mighty nations! all in glorious Congress met, as ye never met before, and may never meet again, When ye wake up, be it with thoughts of Peace,

Peace, lovely Peace,

Come from the God of Peace!——

O, could this concord last! and blessed harmony enwrap this troubled globe,

Rolling through Heaven in its appointed course,

Before the eye of God, Well Pleased,

The God of Peace!

—Am I *alone!* And do I wake?—or sleep?—or dream?

Hark! A sound! startling my soul!

A toll profound——

The hollow tongue of Time, telling its awful Flight——now, to no ear save mine!

Heard I ever here that solemn sound before! Or did my million fellows hear, or note!

Now dies the sound away—

But upwaketh, as it goes, Memories of ages past! The Gone!

THEY COME! THEY RISE! THEY RE-APPEAR!

The air, strangely disturbed, is moulding into forms——

—Is this Time? Stand I still in Time, or have its bounds, suddenly dissolved into Eternity——

And live around——its mystic denizens——

O ye dead! O ye dead! whom I know by the light ye give,

From your cold gleaming eyes, though ye move like men who live.[1]——

Spirit unseen! Assuring Presence! Leave me not now——

I feel thee once again, while my eyes clear from the thick films of sense—

Then will I not fear—with Thee beside—though spirits glide about!—the

Great ones of the Past—aroused awhile from sleep profound of ages, many—

Others scarce settled into that long sleep—

All solemn here! amazed!

[1] MOORE, *Melodies.*

It is an awful sight—

Man from the grave, around one Man upon the Earth———

Man in eternity, around one Man in Time——

Immortality Mortality surrounding,

Melting my soul away.

They see me not—yet I their presence feel

Fearfully—my ghostly kindred all—

* * *

A royal group! Great Conquerors——

ALEXANDER—

Summoned from Earth with systems of vast empire, ripening fast—falling suddenly, asunder[1]——

Scarce past his youth!

His eye glances from Nile to Indus——

Now fixed upon the hundred-channelled SUTLEJ!

[1] A sarcophagus, believed to be that which enclosed the coffin of Alexander the Great, is now in the British Museum!

—He heaves a mighty sigh.

Now strains his ear as catching thundering sounds—Aliwal! Sobraon!—

Again he sighs——his eye on Egypt fixed ——Alexandria——

Great CÆSAR too——also amazed and sad ——beside him Saracen——

NAPOLEON[1]——gazing gloomily at Egypt—India——France—Spain—Italy—Germany—Russia——

Upon his haughty brow glistens the Iron Crown[2] of glorious CHARLEMAGNE,

Beside him standing now——his eye quick scanning Europe——wondering—concerned—

Great Charlemagne! How altered all——

[1] Can you not, said the dying Napoleon to his physician, believe in God, whose existence everything proclaims, and in whom the greatest minds have believed?

[2] Napoleon was crowned with the Iron Crown (so called from the iron circle inside, said to be made out of a nail of the Cross) in 1805, a thousand years after it had encircled the head of the Emperor Charlemagne.

He too heaving sigh profound——thinking of empire, suddenly dissolved—

——Lo, there approaches ALFRED!—his eye attracted tenderly, unto a Mother's image——

And then, unto his own——See him look round—serious, amazed——

O, thou majestic one! man, patriot, Monarch ——pattern[1] for Kings and men——

I see upon thy brow a jewelled crown, with Mercy, Justice, Valour, Wisdom, Truth and Piety, so richly studded,

Glittering bright through ages' intervening mist——

[1] The philosophic German, Herder, speaks of Alfred as a pattern for kings in the time of extremity; a bright star in the history of mankind; a greater man than Charlemagne. Mirabeau draws a noble parallel between Charlemagne and Alfred, giving the palm to the Anglo-Saxon; and Voltaire declared that he knew of no one worthier than Alfred, of the veneration of posterity.

And to the distant East he looked, also,——
To India,

Scene of his pious Embassy, now by his descendant ruled——

After a thousand years! And Westward — Southward — Northward — too, he looked amazedly:——

And thought of millions many——her sweet-sceptred sway obeying — so pious, free, both they, and she——

And methought there melted from his shadowy lips, O pious King, strains uttered on the earth!

The citizens of Earth,
Inhabitants of the ground,
All had one like beginning:
They of two only,
All came:
Men and women, within the world:
And they also now yet,

All alike come into the world:
The splendid and the lowly:
This is no wonder!
Because all know
That there is One God,
Of all creatures:
Lord of mankind!
The Father and the Creator.
Hail! O Thou Eternal
And thou Almighty,
Of all creatures
Creator and Ruler:
Pardon thy wretched
Children of the earth,
Mankind,
In the course of thy might.
O, my Lord,
Thou that overseëst all,
Of the world's creatures,
Look now on mankind
With mild eyes!

Now they here in many
Of the world's waves,
Struggle and labour!
Miserable earth citizens,
Forgive them now! [1]

Together glided these great Royal Ones, seeming in converse deep and sad——Napoleon! Alexander! Charlemagne! Alfred! through Nations passing, new and old: thinking of Kings and Conquerors also there, forgotten by mankind, as though they had not reigned, and slaughtered: or remembered but as writ in light by pencil of a gifted one——

Of changed dynasties! new forms of power, and seats of government! mighty schemes of Empire proudly conceived, long blood-cemented ——all! all! like bubbles burst——

[1] This is taken verbatim from the extant poem given at length in TURNER'S *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, vol. ii. pp. 104, 118.

But Alfred also mused upon his own dear sceptred isle—his little realm——little once—not now——so GREAT become——grown like a grain of mustard-seed: when sown, less than all seeds on earth——but grown, and waxed a great tree, and shooting out great branches——

Yes, venerable shade —— majestic gliding o'er the spot where stood so short awhile ago —She who wears your crown — ever mindful she, in this our happy day, as in thy time thou wast, of Him, her Heavenly Father, High and Mighty, King of kings, Lord of lords, only,

Ruler of Princes, from His throne beholding all the dwellers on the earth——

Beside great Alexander — standing greater ARISTOTLE![1] —— great Taught by greater Teacher!

[1] His voluminous works, on every department of human knowledge existing in his time, have nearly all perished.

——The mighty Stagyrite——

Thou here! The Macedonian melted into air again——

And Aristotle stood alone,

Looking round,

After two thousand years,

Monarch of Realm of thought!

Awhile, methought, deeming he held the sceptre still——

Anon came One, who roughly shook his throne[1]——

Anon, Another—mightier still—

His throne subverted and the sceptre seized,

Transmitting to successors in all time!

Beside the Stagyrite now stood,

[1] That wonderful man Roger Bacon, who suddenly blazed a star of the first magnitude, in the profound darkness of the Middle Ages, declared that, if he could, he would have burnt the whole books of Aristotle, Quia eorum studium non est nisi temporis amissio, et causa erroris, et multiplicatio ignorantiæ. He who said this was, nevertheless, a staunch believer in the Philosopher's Stone, the Elixir of Life, and Astrology.

Monk, Chancellor,
Both great, both sad,
Greeting, the Three, with noble air,
Looking around,
And then upon each other—

What converse with their eyes —— The Stagyrite of matter! form! privation! qualities occult! corruption! generation! contrariety! motion! rest! and heaviness!——

Melting before the eye of aged monk, vain alchemy! astrology!

While He of Verulam, as
Monarch, in His Own Palace standing,
Displayed its wonders to his kingly guests.
With instinctive sense imbued
By that air so rich,

They noted change, progressive — space passed o'er—progress vast into the realms of Anarch old—error dispelled and prejudice dissolved—new powers, constant up-springing—boundless opportunity—all earth become one

vast observatory,[1] with sons of science peopled, patient—exact——

Before that King,
Sitting in shadowy magnificence,
Attended, thus,
There passed his royal Successors,
Living, or in eternity, or tarrying yet awhile in time,
Owning allegiance,
Their right from him derived, on noble Tenure held,
To seek the Real and the True,
Grandly intent on that, alone——

[1] To what may we not look forward, said Herschel, more than twenty years ago, when a spirit of scientific inquiry shall have spread through those vast regions in which the process of civilisation, its sure precursor, is actually commenced, and in active progress? What may we not expect from the exertions of powerful minds called into action under circumstances totally different from any which have yet existed in the world, and over an extent of territory far surpassing that which has hitherto produced the whole harvest of human intellect?

Obedient to his laws—not one revolt,——

Here, telling of his realms, extending ceaselessly, and everywhere,

Into two Infinitudes.

The Past, written deep in earth, telling——

Races of life successive, forms seeming uncouth, tremendous,

Their offices performed, all passed away,

In procession mystical,——

The Future!——ten thousand thousand thousand ages hence—predicting dim eclipse, disastrous shadow shedding—night in mid-day—ay, o'er this Palace' sight—then perchance 'neath ocean deeply whelmed——

And forms existent, active, now,

Then, long passed away——and THEN exhumed

By the remote posterity of man, remains of man——

Wondering! as in

A new Creation!

A moment silent——

O, quoth kindling Stagyrite, O had this day been mine!——

While the sorrow-stricken King,

Murmured, methought, *of Foreign Nations ——and the Next Ages*[1]——

——Great Spirit, THEY ARE HERE!—

Thy precious Legacy accepted reverently!

* * *

Yonder He of Syracuse——his eye, contemplative, profound,

Scanning the growth of seeds he sowed

Now two thousand years ago——

[1] Thus sublimely commenced the will of this august prince of philosophers: 'First, I bequeath my soul and body into the hands of God, by the blessed oblation of my Saviour—— the one at the time of my dissolution, the other at my resurrection.——For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages.' One of these expressions points to a passage in his life pregnant with instruction, telling of the fallen nature of man, in his highest present condition.

A giant Shadow——noiseless motion all around!

——Hast thou, Archimedes, found——where thou canst move the Earth?——

Upon the slaughtered sage,

Mournful Marcellus looking on! and Cicero!

Thinking of the Tomb he sought——neglected! grass o'ergrown!——

But neither, Syracusan saw, unheeded both,

Absorbed, the great Geometer, as when the ruthless Roman pierced him through——

And he hides the gaping wound.

Far in the West that eve had stood,

Before an Orrery,

Two laughing children, while its humble maker turned it round,

Begrimèd artisan,

One to the other telling merrily

How went the Planets round the Sun—

And even their times, and distances,

The urchins knew; but of the wasting thought,
and watch, of sleepless centuries,
To tell them that so trippingly by themselves
told off,
Recked they naught.
Lo! on that same spot
Now stood, all hoary,
Chaldean and Egyptian sage, and Greek
Philosopher,
Gazing on that Orrery,
Turning round by hand unseen,
All sore perplexed! dismayed!
Their ancient wisdom melted all away,
—Standing midst systems overturned,
Consummate, complicate, and straining
highest faculties of man,
Or to perceive, or comprehend——
Those old amazèd Ghosts——
With them, the Stagyrite! beholding
His spheres divine revolving,
Vanishing out of Heaven,

And the fixed centre of the universe
Whirl'd round the Sun!

——Then came a Spirit, slowly, sadly,
Aged and haggard, with a dungeon's hue, stooping with weight of chains—
And he, too, looked,
But with a sinking, sickening soul,
As he beheld the earth,
In tiny orbit circling round the Sun.
For Galileo's glory once, had since become his shame.
Quailing Philosopher,
Through fear of mortal man,
At bidding of fell blinded bigotry of Priest,[1]
Of cursed Cardinal,
On bended knee,

[1] A blasphemous monk preached against Galileo from the words, Ye men of *Galilee*, why stand ye gazing up into Heaven?—Acts, i. 11. See NOTE, No. XI.—'Galileo among the Cardinals.'

With impious tongue,
And tremulous hand on Holy Gospel placed,
And with a heart to Heaven disloyal—
O, tell it not—
Yet hear!
He had abjured the glorious TRUTH,
Itself had taught,
And falsely swore
The earth stood still, and round it rolled the Sun!
—Beside him see Pythagoras!—
And he, two thousand years before,
Had his Disciples taught,
Secret, mysterious, that Earth a Planet was,
Circling the Sun,
But the People told
That Earth stood still,
Fixed centre of the Universe.
And these two,
Looked each upon the other.———

O ancient Ghosts!
Sorely amazèd Ghosts!
With strangely beaming eyes,
Fixed still upon that Orrery,
Vain, vain, your toils profound!
Fond dreamings! Teachings esoteric! exoteric!
The Heavens read falsely with your utmost skill!
Amidst subverted systems standing,
O Ghosts, forlorn, and well amazed——
——And yet ye surely are majestic ones,
Living in men's holy memories;
Thales! Pythagoras! Anaxagoras![1]
Socrates! Plato! Aristotle!
You see me not,
Trembling in my inner soul,
So little and so poor,
You cannot see me——

[1] See NOTE, No. XII.—'Aristotle on Anaxagoras.'

Or you might despise
Me, and some other Little Ones
Of this our day.
O!—Away Ye!—Into the oppressed, oppressing air,
For Littleness, in Greatness' presence, trembling,
Is perishing.——
Awful Ghosts, away!

Lo, puzzled Ptolemy I do espy!
His mind all scribbled o'er,
With centric, and eccentric, cycle, epicycle, orb in orb,[1]
Hopeless in mighty maze, all bewildered,
Mankind for century on century, bewildering helplessly,
The glorious Heavens such fantastic motion giving,

[1] See NOTE, No. XIII.—'The Angel and Adam's Astronomical Discourse.'

Provoking kingly blasphemy.[1]

Ye later Ones!
At length ye come, bringing the light
Through the dreary night
Long struggling, through the priestly fear
That light could light extinguish,
Truth contradict the Truth!
O, foolish fear.

Approach Copernicus, Des Cartes! Unhappy Galileo!

—Yes, once again, repentant one!—And Kepler!

In dark night, shining Stars, quickly successive——

Nay, all at once, the Heavens illumining![2]—

[1] Alphonso, frenzied by his vain attempts to comprehend the complexities of the Ptolemaic system, impiously exclaimed, If the Deity had called me to His councils, at the Creation, I could have given him good advice.

[2] These great men, together with Bacon, Locke, and

New constellation!

Galileo, with his glass——with huger, Herschel—

Showing moons, and suns, and stars,

Infinitely far away——

Purple suns——

Ay, come again, old Ghosts, wondering more and more——

Old and New——

With Christian, Pagan mingling,

Know, ye ancient Ones, that these

Stand on ground higher than that ye stood upon—

Newton, appeared within a century and a half of each other. It seemed, says Herschel, as if Nature itself seconded the impulse given to Science; and, while supplying new and extraordinary aids to those senses hereafter to be exercised in her investigation,—as if to call attention to her wonders, and signalise the epoch,—she displayed the rarest, the most splendid and mysterious, of all astronomical phenomena:—the appearance, and subsequent total extinction, of a new and brilliant fixed star, twice within the lifetime of Galileo himself!

Seeing by purer brighter light, than the light by which ye saw—

See, he comes! He comes,

Radiant NEWTON all in light arrayed,

As though from walking mid the Stars——

Bearing The Key,

Opening universal Heavens, though stretching through infinitude——

Key to be taken not away again——Earnest of greater gifts—

And the Ghosts,

Are looking on!

Their eyes intent upon his radiant form——above them standing, like a Tower——

—But—I see a shade come over that majestic brow,

See him look reproachfully, and sorrowing,

For a darkened Great One comes,

Who following his mighty Master through the skies,

Beheld all round the shining prints

Of Deity,

Yet saw Him not; or, seeing, impiously denied!

Awful Worker, midst his works——denied to be——

And strove to blot the record of his Master's glory,

And to efface their brightest character—

Wherein stood writ his reverence!

But now, confuted by Eternity,

He meekly stands behind the injured One, the radiant One,

Magnificent One,

The two, like planet with a darkened satellite[1]——

As though he heard Archangel telling

Of system, system circling,

All through infinitude,

Each vaster system round one vaster far,

[1] See NOTE, No. XIV.—'The Infidel Philosopher.'

And it around another, all at last,
Before the throne[1] of God,
Inhabiting Eternity,
With whom no Great or Little is,
Nor Few, nor Many,
Future, Past
All ONE, all NOW:
Upon His throne, sitting in dread majesty—
His the only Majesty,
And on His right hand,
Bow down! bow down! sink deep in loving awe!
There sitteth One that stooped to earth,
The chosen hallowed scene of Mystery,
Incomprehensible, and blest!
That in the flesh the Godhead veiled awhile,
At once both There and Here,——
Touched with the feeling of our Infirmities,
O, see!—
Man, and his God!

[1] The Lord's throne is in Heaven.--Psalm xi. 4.

And suddenly to come again! our Judge——
O, give me mercy in that day,
In that Great and Terrible Day.
O Saviour, think THOU then of him,
Who trieth now to think of THEE.

* * *

But now I see, skulking far behind,
With sullen scowl, or like serpent spirit lurking,
One that wears a triple crown,
And in scarlet gleaming,[1]

[1] I saw a Woman sitting upon a Scarlet-coloured Beast, full of names of Blasphemy, having Seven Heads.——And the woman was arrayed in purple and Scarlet colour, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls, having a golden Cup in her hand, full of abomination and filthiness. And upon her forehead was a name written, MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS, AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH. And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the Saints, and with the blood of the Martyrs of Jesus: and when I saw her, I wondered with

A Prince of Darkness he,
With a lie in his right hand,[1]
A counterfeited Key to open and to shut all Heaven!
The faith of millions he assumed to guard,
By darkening light,
Precious and pure;
An insect with its tiny wing, shutting out sunbeams!
As fain it would,
And with its impious hum
Silence the mighty voice of God,
Unto His creatures speaking
Loud and plain.
—Preserving, by corrupting Faith!

great admiration. And the Angel said unto me, Wherefore didst thou marvel? I will tell thee the mystery of the woman, and of the Beast which carrieth her, which hath the seven heads. —— The Seven Heads are SEVEN MOUNTAINS on which the woman sitteth. — Revelations, xvii. 3-9.

[1] Is there not a lie in my right hand?—Isaiah, xliv. 20.

Sealing the written Will of God from eye of man;

And having falsely read it to himself,

Reading for ever falsely to mankind,

Changing the Truth of God, into a lie.

——To his eyes, inverted, darkened,

And sense in strong delusion steeped,

A LIE believing,

The Sun, stupendous, all magnificent,

Rolled round its Planet earth the centre of the Universe;

—And he dared, distantly, to look,

With bleared eye,

Upon the dazzling one,

Holding the Key divine,

Him to chains and dungeon dooming,

Had that False and Foul one but the power, as will,

Till the Great One threw away his Key,

And falsified, as one before, the Truth by God vouchsafed.

But NEWTON[1] strode majestically past,
Shedding light,
While vanished triple crown and crouching wearer too,[2] ——
Soon I beheld the mighty one, listening to converse high,
PLATO with BUTLER,
And Socrates—but with only seeming drowsy eye—
O, hark, the Harmony!
All of the wondrous Mind, of Mystery,
Truth, Immortality,
And Deity:

[1] In the life and writings of Newton, the Philosopher will learn the art by which alone he can acquire an immortal name. The Moralist will trace the lineaments of a character adjusted to all the symmetry of which our imperfect nature is susceptible; and the Christian will contemplate with delight the high priest of Science, quitting the study of the material universe, the scenes of His intellectual triumphs, to investigate, with humility and patience, the mysteries of his Faith.—Sir DAVID BREWSTER.

[2] See NOTE, No. XV.—'An Extinguished Constellation.'

And as the Pagan to the Christian listened,
With a brightening countenance, methought
I faintly heard, in loving sound, Thou wast not Far away,
On the awful threshold standing!
—Have ye now seen HIM———
The INVISIBLE,
Jehovah! in the central glory beaming, Effulgence all ineffable——
Whom mortal hath not seen at any time,
Or seeing, dies———

* * *

——Transporting rapturous vision! O, art thou gone, for ever gone?——
Where are ye, Spirits! Great and good ones, Where?——
Stand ye now——
In an ecstasy divine,
Before the Book from Heaven?———

O, let me see you once again! And hear that converse ravishing the soul!

Opening the inner Universe!

O, heavenly melodies

Only for immortal ears,

And in this home Eternity———

—Whither wouldst thou lead me, Thou Unseen!——

Where am I now?——far, far below,

As out of Heaven,

Fallen suddenly.

* * *

Alas——there again, great ÆSCHYLUS!—

In thy grandeur all forlorn——

Thy lyre with broken strings—all at thy feet——

Gazing on undying Agony,

Fearfully imaged there,

Vulture, and man, and rock,

He who stole the spark divine,

Despoiling and defying Jove,
To light mankind,
And, guilty teacher so become,
In spite of angry and deceived Jove,
All helpless here[1]—
Lying fast bound,
Vulture and Man.——
Ah me!
There's come a sudden glitter in thine eye!
Ay, splendid Spirit! muse!——and in thy mistiest imaginings——catch, perchance, at length!——a glimpse——
Of True, deep hidden in the False.[2]

* * *

—Whither—whither art thou leading——

[1] I, the hapless discoverer to mortals of all these contrivances, have nevertheless no device by which I may free myself from these my sufferings!—*Prometheus Vinctus*, 478-9.

[2] Rare vestiges—vague presentiments—fugitive tones—momentary flashes.—SCHLEGEL. See NOTE, No. XVI.—'Golden Truth in the Mist of Mythology.'

O, fearful flight, down! down! to the Past—
One of the Present, THERE!—— Flight—flight—soul-chilling flight——
On—on—on!
—What's sounding in my ear——
What Scenes— * * * —And Who are these—
In BABYLON?———
—Lo, People!—Nations!—Languages!—
Princes! and Governors—
Assembled all——and there A King——
A Golden Image! Hark, a Herald crying!
All bowing down—all worshipping———

* * *

And NINEVEH——
ASSYRIA——
EGYPT——
O, what a solemn haze! But I am passing by them all——— * * *
Samson! Philistines!

PHARAOH !——
Old ABRAHAM———

* * *

What TOWER is yonder——
—and a CONFUSÈD multitude ?———

* * *

Again Away ! Away !—Away !——
Am I flying hidden—safe—on an angel's wing unseen,
O, me !

* * *

—Troubled, this ancient air—my soul is cold with awe——with fear * * * the air is all gone red——
O, CAIN——
Do I look on thee—with creeping blood ?——
O, thou First-born Bloody One !
What hast thou done ?

Whither shalt thou go?——it Crieth all around——thy brother's blood!—Out of the ground, Into the ear of God.

First Murderer—Prince of thy bloody Race!

The first page of Our History hast thou fouled with hand all bloody——

O impious one! First to efface His image stamped on Man——

Cain! tortured one! to endless torture doomed!

Greater than thou can'st bear———

Cain!—Didst thou see him pass——that man?—

What! one of thy Sons upon his Father looking———

Didst thou note his start so horrible, and his visage, sudden so ghastly grown?

No one knowing Him, but Thou,

And his God,

While he felt the secret bloody tie that bound him fast to THEE———

Did the sight force out the big red drop
Upon thy Tortured brow,
Seen by no eye but his, his ear affrighted hearing,
The question first affrighting thee,
Where is thy Brother?——
——Around thee for a moment, stand
Faces all to thee upturned,
Oh, hideous throng!——
Horror all erect in myriad form—
Thy Ensanguined Progeny
Known! Unknown, to man—
All known to God——
The Dread Inquisitor.[1]
——O ye bloody men!——your hands are full of blood———
—The fear of Death hath fallen upon me——
Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me,
And horror hath overwhelmed me——

[1] When He maketh inquisition for blood, He remembereth them.—Psalm ix. 12.

——Oh that I had wings like a Dove, then would I fly away!——

— Away! —— from out this blood-red haze——

My sense, my soul, oppressing! scaring!——

A CURSE is sounding in the air———

Let me away!——I faint—I die——all—all red—around——

Let me away——O, me! I—have slaughtered none!——but These, may slaughter Me——

Let me away!——

* * *

Thanks, gentle Spirit! from that Terror, ruddy,

—Already past so far away!——My Bloody brother let me see no more!——

* * *

——O moving sight!——

Melting my heart!

O sorrowful, awful Sight——
Not far from EDEN!
Newly, alas, Driven out![1]
Its beauty in their memory——so fresh ——so fair——
Out of The Garden, in a Wilderness,
A desolate, waste, and howling wilderness!

Mother of all living, EVE!
ADAM, Father of mankind!
Behold your SON——Come through six thousand years, to look on you!——
How I yearn—to look on you!
Your blood mine, my nature yours!
Not such as yours—alas!—when, in the Garden blest,——

[1] The statues of Adam and Eve, which appear to the author very beautiful, are in the Eastern Nave. Adam is sitting in an attitude of profound grief, his head supported by his hand; Eve is standing beside him in a drooping form, leaning on his shoulder, weeping; and a Serpent is gliding near her feet.

—Of your myriad myriad sons,
I am one,
Looking on his Father, now!
——Look on me, sweet Mother Eve!
My heart is melting, all with yearning love for thee!
O, see thy son.
O, lovely Mother,
Thy beauteous brow with grief is clouded,
And thy faultless form,
So freshly come from God,
Shrinketh now with shame.
Thy eyes, so lustrous once, are sadly downcast now, with tears suffused,
And mine!
Alas, I see thine falling fast!
Thou lookest not on Adam, by thy side, sunk in grievous reverie, as amazed
At the vast height from which he fell so suddenly——
Unhappy Eve, thy bosom sighing still!

Thou canst not look upon thy lord——thy Fallen lord——

Wilt thou not look on thy poor Son?

Hast thou looked upon Thy Daughters here?

All so lovely! all so gay!

Ah, so gay and blithe! and thinking not of Thee——

Didst thou, timidly, fondly, look on them——

And think of sorrow and of suffering——by thee on them entailed——

With a melting tenderness, of the thoughtless, thinking,

So beautiful, the Beautiful all Fallen,

Still so beautiful![1]

All passing heedless by?

[1] Among the most beautiful eulogies on Woman is the following, by Lord Herbert:—

> Die when you will, you need not wear
> At Heaven's court a form more fair
> Than beauty at your birth has given;
> Keep but the lips, the eyes we see,
> The voice we hear, and you will be
> An Angel, ready made for Heaven!

Thou wilt not look on me——

Then Adam, of the whole Earth, Father, wilt THOU look upon thy son?

On my brethren hast thou looked?

Millions! millions! Thee have passed,

Sitting here so sorrowful,

Speaking not to Eve.

* *

——Some may perchance have stood before thee,

Musing deeply on thy fate, and on Their Own, bound up in Thine.

Six thousand years have passed, and TIME still lasts,

And we, thy Sons, are here,

Trembling while we wait a fearful Voice, swearing

That there shall be Time no longer[1]—

[1] And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by

All sunk into Eternity.

We are Tilling still the ground, whence thou wast taken, Father, Cursed for thy sake,

Eating in sorrow of it, all the days of our life.

In the sweat of our face do we eat bread, till we return into the ground.

As Dust thou wast, and didst to Dust return,

Even so do we, thy sons.

Hearing a voice, Return, Ye children of men!

We spend our years, as a Tale, that is told.

Like grass which groweth up! In the morning

Him that liveth for ever and ever, who created Heaven, and the things that therein are; and the earth, and the things that therein are; and the sea, and the things which are therein, that there should be Time no longer: but in the days of the voice of the Seventh angel, when he shall begin to sound, the MYSTERY OF GOD SHOULD BE FINISHED, as He hath declared to his servants the prophets.—*Revelation*, x. 5, 6, 7.

it flourisheth and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

All flesh is Grass! and all the goodliness thereof, as the Flower of the field!

The Grass withereth! The Flower fadeth!

Because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it!

——O, Adam, hear.

See, the labours of thy sons!

How we Till, and Toil, and Spin!

See, see around! All our strength and wit can do, Lo all

Is here!

——Wilt thou not raise thy sorrow-laden eye to look around——

Would it shudder at our Daggers, Swords, and Guns,

All in gleaming grim array,

To wound! to maim! to slay!——

Polished bright! and gemmed so cunningly!——

Attempered exquisitely![1]

Ay, there—there—they lie———

——But, thou wilt not see, that which we have, although not here,——

Gallows and Guillotine!——

We dare not show them here!

Thou wilt not look on Cain,[2]

Thy murderous First-born, Eve!

Standing yonder,

—Tremble to behold the crimson first-fruits of your Fall——

Ever deadly blooming, since.

O the millions countless of thy slaughtered sons[3]——

[1] There is a Spanish sword, of steel, tempered so exquisitely, that it comes straight, out of a circular sheath. When returned, the sheath is designed to represent the joined tail and head of A SERPENT.

[2] The statues of Adam and Eve have their backs turned towards that representing the Torments of Cain.

[3] Scriptural writers date the first War as having been begun by the impious son of Cain, B.C. 3563.—It has been computed that, from the beginning of the world to the pre-

Not for Food or Shelter only, nor to Heal, labour thy slaving sons——

See purple and fine linen glistening there,—apparel gorgeous, proudly worn, forgetfully!

Yonder, sumptuous fare, for dainty pampered appetite to fare upon,

Every day.

—And myriad-formed IDOLATRY have had, still have, Thy sons.

See, the idols grinning, here and there!

And far away is Juggernaut——

But here he hath his representative, Besmeared!

And we have Dungeons, Chains, and Racks!

—And our wretched brothers buy and sell!

Hast thou seen here the Sick, the Maimed, the Halt, the Blind!

sent time, there have perished on the field of battle about seven times as many of the human species as now inhabit the whole earth.—HAYDN, *Dates*, p. 624.

And hast thou spied thee out, the broken heart,
Beneath the smiling face!
Or noted Lust!—Ambition!—Pride!—and Selfishness!
The hideous Hypocrite——
Ay, trembling Adam!—Hast thou also seen,
Before thee, here, Blaspheming scoffer,
Thy foulest God-denying Sons!
—Seeing how through the thick disguise we wear,
Else each might deem, he looked
On monsters all!
Had ye not, Parents, plucked the fatal Fruit——
Bringing Death into the world, and all our woes!—
Adam, wilt thou tell,
That dread Mystery in Eden done——
O, Mystery mournful and profound!
Didst thou tell it to thy Sons,
Or thou Eve unto thy Daughters?

We may know it all, one day.
—But, while I gaze on thy majestic brow,
Methinks I see the heavy shadow move!
And from thy sorrow-laden eyes
Beams light mysterious, heavenly in its source!
Of a second Adam telling!

O Adam! Eve!
Twin founts of woe, of joy,
Despair, and hope,
Of death, of life——
O Father of mankind! I hear a voice,
Solemn, glorious, sounding through my soul,
Since by Man,
Came Death,
So by Man,
Came the Resurrection of the Dead,
ONE is risen from the Dead,
First fruits of them that slept!
And the Fallen-asleep in Christ

Are not perished.
As in Adam all die, even so
In Christ, shall all be made alive.

——Ye Spirits of them that sleep, in sure and certain hope!
Stand ye sweetly! awfully!
Some around!
A moment into Future, am I wrapped?
—The little Here, the great ones, There—
The great ones Here, great also There,
Some shining like the stars——

—O Royal One, that rul'st this mighty realm,
And with meek eye, here, hast looked perchance
On Adam, Eve,
As looketh thy poor Subject now—
So sadly, tenderly,
Thou, too, O lovely Majesty, must die!
In Adam die, in Christ be made alive.

O distant be the day, and dust this humble hand!

But come most surely will That Day,
When He, who sent, will thee recall,
Of thy great rule to give account.

And as a thousand years ago, from Alfred's brow
He gently took the diadem,
So, then, from thine:
From thy hand the sceptre
He will take,
That swayeth gently, equitably, now,
Millions of mankind.

And thy anointed head, O Queen, must lie
With the great ones in their stately sleep,
In the dust, awhile,
All to rise, and never sleep again,
When the trumpet sounds:
Raised, incorruptible!
Mortal putting on
Immortality!

The great, the lowly, Brethren, Sisters, all,
Adam and his family,
Gathered finally;
Poor trembling Family! each with all made known,
Each there, as though The Only One!—
——A gathering of Man,
Standing appalled
Before an opened Book,
And God.

* * *

Nor gem, nor gold, nor silver glitters now ——nor radiant vesture, nor caparison, extinguished in this solemn light.

Gem, gold and silver,
And Jewels of fine gold,
Ruby, crystal, coral, pearl,
Dazzling millions in the day,
Dazzle not NOW The Eyes that through this spiritual air are seeing!

Enchanted millions, did ye never in this Palace pause,
Looking suddenly, within
Yourselves?
Did the Soul soundly sleep,
And your sensuous eyes,
See only gold and silver, Jewels of fine gold,
Ruby, crystal, coral, pearl?—
Saw ye no LESSON, written in the Light, and all around,
Plain as Handwriting on the wall,
Letters shining through the eye, into the awakened Soul?
—Then hath a GEM transcending all,
Infinitely far,
Lain all unseen———
—But hark! a Voice, melodious and sublime,
It stirreth not the air, as yonder organ's peal by day,
But the Spirits all around,

Hear That Voice! and all arrested stand,
Knowing That Voice!
—Where shall Wisdom be found?
And where is the place of Understanding?
Man knoweth not the price Thereof;
Neither is It found in the land of the living.
The Depth saith, It is not in me:
And the Sea saith, It is not with me.
It cannot be gotten for gold,
Neither shall silver be weighed for the price Thereof.
The gold and the crystal cannot equal It,
And the exchange of It shall not be for jewels of fine gold.
No mention shall be made,
Of coral, or of pearls:
For the price of Wisdom, is above rubies.
——Whence, then, cometh Wisdom?
And where is the place of Understanding,
Seeing It is hid from the eyes of all living?
——Destruction and Death say,

We have heard the fame Thereof, with our ears!

GOD understandeth the way Thereof, and He knoweth the place Thereof.

For He looketh to the ends of the earth,

And seeth under the whole Heaven;

To make the weight for the winds, and He weigheth the waters by measure.

When He made a decree for the rain,

And a way for the lightning of the thunder;

Then did He see It, and declare It.

He prepared It, yea, and searched It out.

AND UNTO MAN, He said,

The FEAR OF THE LORD, that is Wisdom:

And TO DEPART FROM EVIL, is Understanding.

—O, what blessed Light is beaming——

Radiant as its radiant source!—

A Great Light, shining in Darkness, comprehending not,

And led by thee, O wise and gentle one unseen, I see the Source,

The Heaven-descended BOOK!

The Book of Books,

The written record of His will, vouchsafed to man,

By the dread Invisible,

Not, The Unknown.

With trembling awe I own Him here,

Who made ME in His image,

With will, and power, enduing,

That Image to dishonour! mar! efface!

And HERE hath told me so,

And, in that telling, told me fearful things.

* * *

——O, mystery—mystery!

Where all on earth, in Heaven,—within, without, is Mystery——and mystery, Ordained for man——

O, utter, utter, darkness all, this Blessed Page beyond——

Thick darkness! Felt:——

Impenetrable darkness:

Not a flickering ray to cheer—to guide—illume——

Mystery! unfathomed! and unfathomable! terrible——

—Black midnight! MIDNIGHT on The Soul——

* *

Horror hath seized me!——

O Spirit,——hast thou then left me?—Where art thou——

Why, in this dread hour, away! Me left behind, all staggering in the fearful dark——

All, all is lost.——

* * I nothing know! nor see! nor hope! and horribly fear, yet know not WHAT I fear! nor why!

Nor whence I came! Into this dreary fancied Being called! O, why!

Am I? Or am I not? Is Naught around—— O, Conscious Nothingness——

—Deeper and darker still! Horror more horrible! Horror beyond Despair——

Am I resolving into air—or Nothingness— This terror! whence? This sense of Light, Unseen!——of Darkness comprehending not! ——of unreality, amid reality! reality in unreality! Confusion! ALL FALSE——and yet, strange sense of Truth! The sport of mocking fiends——

Would I were not——and had not been—— Where art thou, DEATH——

Unthroned by Horror!

I once could think of thee! and hope! and fear! Art thou, Death? Or art thou not—— to me—to any—

Yet why this fear——

I sink!——In abyss of darkness sinking——

——All forgotten——forgetting all——Perishing!——Conscious Nothingness——unconscious——

* * *

——What lightning brightness That
From far above?
From a black profound, swiftly rising——
Am I changed, or all around? Terrors forgetting all, as though they had not been! Soul tortures ceasing——
I am! Yet as though a while, I had not been.
A balmy air, a holy calm, sweet Light——

By my side again! THOU!——
Fear is dead, and all is Hope, and hallowing Love.
See! Truth o'er Falsehood standing victorious, with falchion gleaming, never to be sheathed!

O, precious, Only Clue through endless labyrinth, let me never lose Thee more!

Where thou art not, all is dark——

Misery, darkness, and disorder, all——

Deadened heart, and clouded mind! existence purposeless! worthless, as unintelligible —and poor Life, only a dreamy restlessness sadly wandering midst a planless maze——

LIGHT OF THE WORLD, be Thou my Light, for none other is, but Thou![1]

O, stumbling-block to Jews, and foolishness to Greeks,

Be Power and Wisdom unto Me,

Light, succour, and support!

Dissolving every doubt, that Wisdom wills shall be dissolved——

And shedding peacefulness serene

[1] Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the Light of the World: he that followeth Me, shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of Life.—John, viii. 12.

O'er all the chequered scenes of Life,
The chances and the changes of this mortal life,
Melting its idle Vanities away,
Peace! that passeth understanding!—
Gently sustaining,
Lighting, all through the Valley, till I sweetly sleep,
With my dear fellows, in the dust,[1]
Only my Earthly Tabernacle,
My dust, with theirs, mingled, awhile mysteriously,
Safe in the keeping of Omnipotence,
Who made me of that dust,
Breathing the breath of Life,
A living Soul become, never to die.
O happy me,

[1] Reflect, saith an old Divine, on that day when the earth shall be again in travail with her sons, and at one fruitful throe bring forth all generations of learned and unlearned, noble and ignoble, dust.

This is Enough, for Me.

——So speaketh He in this blest Book,
Linking me to Himself, Unseen,
Mortal to Immortality,
And Man, to God.

Mercy, Long Suffering! may I ask,
All trembling,
Here hath unbelieving scoffer stood——
Deeming the Truth of God, a Lie,
That Wisdom, Goodness, Infinite,
Seeth Mankind, this Book their Treasure deeming
Inestimable, only Source
Of Truth, and knowledge of Himself and awful Will,
Mankind whom He endowed, with Reason's light,
And love of Truth,
By Him endowed, the God of Truth!

Shedding their blood, enduring flame,
Millions of men! martyrs, a Noble Army! in the defence of only fancied Truth,
And million millions more,
The Greatly Gifted ones of earth,
With faculties sublimed by search for Truth,
All other Truth and Falsehood well distinguishing,
Not this, though yet of moment infinite,
Transcending all things else,
As Eternity transcendeth Time,
The Humble, and the Lowly, Great, the Good,
All, all alike composed to sleep,
Like weeping children all,
With idle dreams, assurances of Sure and Certain hope—
Dim shadows only flickering fearful, on the dread brink of Nothingness,
Into which
They fall, those silly sleeping ones!—
Poor living Lies! and dying Lies!

In Delusion trusting—fantasy! Fable cunningly devised!

And foolishly believed, by doating Man,

Foully deceivèd man.—

A Cloud of Witnesses to Falsehood,

Deemed The Truth!——

Transmitting falsehood eagerly, and joyfully,

From year to year, from Age to Age,

Still, all the wide world o'er,

In all the speech confused, of Man——

ALMIGHTY MAKER OF MANKIND, forgive the Worm,

Forgive!

Not for the sake of that foul worm,

Blind, impious Man,

Thus of His Maker madly deeming,

But for the sake of Him, Thy Son, the Word Made Flesh,

Light of the world,

True Light, which lighteth every man
That cometh into the world.
Open his Eyes to see!
Truth in hallowed mystery, unseen before,
Beaming into the humble Heart alone,
Then a Child[1] of Light, become
Thenceforward walking in The Light——

* * *

—Stay, Ye Mysterious Ones! Ye Tenants of Eternity —— Allowed a moment, back in Time!

They hear me not——they see me not—— they feel not, with my feeling,
Think not with my thought,

[1] There is light enough, said Pascal profoundly, for those whose sincere wish is to see; and darkness enough to confound those of an opposite disposition. — This saying will be found quoted in an eloquent tract, entitled *Reason and Faith: their Claims and Conflicts;* to the writer of which, Mr Henry Rogers, personally unknown to the author of this volume, he heartily expresses his obligations.

Nor with my sense, perceive!
Stay, O, Stay!

——There is a strange confusion—
Forms, intermingling all.—Yet no uproar, but
A fearful silence——
I did not hear The Voice that summoned them away——
ALL GONE! For ever gone, as though they ne'er had come!
Vanishing Shadows, within a Shadow vanishing!
Whither, O, whither are ye gone, Departed Ones?
Into Eternity again,
Leaving me alone in Time!
—I am alone—
Again that Tongue, sounding tremendous—dying into my soul.
O, Soul, hast thou then beheld
In Time, a glimpse into Eternity!

* * *

———Morn in the Palace!

Hark—methought I heard a sound! a little sound—

A sparrow's chirp! Sparrow, strayed within these glassy walls—

A sparrow from his chirping fellows parted,

And here, the livelong night—

In yonder tree he tenanteth alone:

He alone, and I alone!——

—Now a faint rosy light,

Telling of the splendid Sun approaching near,

Beams through this crystal solitude,

Melting the solemn shades of night away.

Yet that light seemeth not to cheer my soul.

I am alone.

Poor conscious half-despised

Unit of humanity,

I am alone,

—Even ghost-deserted now!
Where art Thou, dear Mankind?
One of Thee, calls on Thee.
Only learned Poverty,
A bruised Heart,
And quivering Fragment of Humanity,
In this chilly solitude,
Lying all alone.
O come to him, or let him come to You,
He thinketh humbly, lovingly of you, and would not injure one!
Come to him, all alone.
His fellows on the earth, they are not here,
None of the Present, or the Past.
All gone, and he is here, yearning alone,
For fellowship with ye, dear Sons of Toil, whose handiwork
Beginneth now again, but dimly visible, to greet his eyes
Who hath kept such vigil here.
Come, Brethren, come to me.

A tear hath fallen, fallen unseen of man, in thinking of You all.

Sleep, sleep, ye sons of toil! scarce rested yet, a little longer, sleep:

For very soon again ye must wake up to toil,

And many, too, to sigh amid their toil, in saddened throng, or sadder solitude.

O me, poor me, I am one of You.

Poor souls! dear souls!

Ordained to look,

But with blessed unrepining heart,

On luxuries,

On splendour, beauty, and magnificence,

We must not share.

—My spirit droops. Alas!

My days are but as grass. I walk

In a vain shadow, disquieting myself in vain.

I am but as a Flower of the field,

For soon as the wind goeth over it,

It is gone,

And the place thereof

Shall know it no more.

—Again, poor Sparrow!
Thy chirp sounds desolate,
Unknown companion of my night, unseeing what I saw!
What wilt thou do, little lonely one,
If once again thou flutterest in the open air,
Joining thy fellows?

The object of Thy little life, I cannot tell,
Neither thou, Mine.
Yet know I that which thou may'st never know:
Even thou, poor tenant of the air, but little worth!
Not even a farthing's worth,
Art, not one, forgotten before God,
Nor fallest to the ground, unknown to Him,
Thy Maker, mine,
Who hath my very hairs, all numbered.
Then we are not alone,

Little feathered fellow Being,

HE is here——

But I feel

Alone with God!

Trembling awfully alone.

With that pure Omniscience, all alone!

With the Pure, impurity!

My steps falter, and my spirit drooping, seems to faint.

I have oft forgotten Him—Not He, me.

—Sweet sun of early morn!

Freshening all nature, sleeping till thou wak'st them up,

Cheering the sons of men——

Wake, too, ye dewy Flowers!

Ye, too, deep hidden in the dark, have slept the livelong night

Under your Tree sentinel.

Night hath passed, and dawns the day!

——LILY! lovely LILY!

Here!—Thou here!—
Nature, in the Palace,
Of Art!
God's handiwork,
Amongst the handiwork of Man.
Himself His handiwork!
—Oh, thou loved Presence!—blest spirit—with a last vanishing tenderness my heart infusing,
All subduing, art Thou here, yet once again——
Fixing, perchance, on me a lingering look of love,
——Yes, thou mysterious one! I see! I see
The Flower!
Which hath, methinks, some hidden eloquence!
O Lily, I would speak with thee! And with a thrilling heart!
Beauteous Intruder! shall I deem thee such?
Hither come to see thy Sister,

All so splendid,
In her Palace here?
Why hast thou come? What title hast thou to be here?
Thou Toilest not!
Thou Spinnest not!
Then why here?——
Meekly beautiful thou art,
That once was mistress of the field;[1]
But here! Why here?
——O, my heart's joy!

Lily! Thou com'st to me, All Through, All Down the distant starry heaven,
A Messenger! with Heavenly message fraught!
I see a glory in Thee, Now,
And bow my head, in reverence.

[1] Like the Lily,
That once was Mistress of the field, and flourished,
I'll hang my head, and perish!
—SHAKSPEARE, *Henry VIII.*

O, Queen of Flowers!
Chosen from thy sisterhood,
So fair and fragrant all,
Full Eighteen Hundred years ago,
To wear the Diadem,
Then placed upon thy beauteous brow,
Ever since, The Queen of Flowers!
Hail, Queen!
O, lovely Majesty!
Exalted thus, by One
Who made both Thee, and Me;
And while He trod the earth,
Its Present God, who made both Earth and Heaven,
Pointed with radiant finger to thy faultless form,
But little thought of by his creature, Man,
And showing Thee, to Him—
O, Flower of the field!
Which to-day, art,
And art, to-morrow,

Cast into the oven :
He who Knows, as, man can never know,
As the Maker knows His work,
Creator, His Creation ;
As before Omniscient eye thou stood'st,
Unconscious, blooming loveliness,
In Glory all Arrayed,
Eclipsing Solomon, in all his glory !
King, by a Queen !
Man, by a Flower !
Lovely Lily, Queen of Flowers !
O what grace and glory thine !
And exhaling fragrance, too !
Sweeter, infinitely far, than sweetest of perfumes !
O neglected Queen of Flowers ! Benignant one !
Blooming then, and ever since, and now,
Balm diffusing for the Broken-hearted !
Hope for Hopeless !
Faith for Faithless !
Emblem divine !

From thy fragrant bosom, stream unseen,
Into my heart, with care oppressed, with trouble laden,
Sweetness from Heaven!
Wisdom! Goodness!
Pride abasing, raising Lowliness,
Presumption, and Distrust,
Reproving with a tender Majesty,
GOD, man.[1]

Cease, then, aching and repining heart!
Come, thou Lily,
So royally arrayed with Glory out of Heaven,
Thou, the Lovely, ever Loved!
Thou hallowed, hallowing Flower!

[1] CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD, HOW THEY GROW: THEY TOIL NOT, NEITHER DO THEY SPIN: AND YET I SAY UNTO YOU, THAT EVEN SOLOMON, IN ALL HIS GLORY, WAS NOT ARRAYED LIKE ONE OF THESE. WHEREFORE, IF GOD SO CLOTHE THE GRASS OF THE FIELD, WHICH TO-DAY IS, AND TO-MORROW IS CAST INTO THE OVEN, SHALL HE NOT MUCH MORE CLOTHE YOU, O YE OF LITTLE FAITH?—Matthew, vi. 28, 29, 30.

Come, thou mystic lovely One!
Whispering tenderly of Heaven,
Come, let me humbly press thee to my heart—
Stilling its throb, and silencing its sigh.
O thou sweet Flower!
See! the tears I shed, and all for love of Thee!
From a heart so overcharged,
Gently by thyself distilled.
—Peace, troubled Heart!
Peace! Be still!
Before the Flower, whereby,
One dead, Yet Speaketh,
Sitting on the throne of God,
Unto the listening heart of Man,
His Dearly Loved,
And Life-bought Man.
I hear! and Make me ever hear!
That still small Voice.

—So shall I never know Despair,
Nor see his fell eye fixed on mine.

Poor! poor, mid all This Wealth,
Within this Palace all so glorious,
Truly deemed,
Standing alone,
With Gems, [illegible]old, and Silver,
Ruby, crystal, coral, pearl,
And all Precious Things,
Glistening everywhere around:
If my spirit for a moment falter,
Lily, I will think of thee,
And living, hope and love, and patient wait,
And peaceful die,
With the Lily on my heart,
Sweetly stilled, in death.

So, HE Who chooseth Things which are Despised,
Even as I, poor worm, perchance!
Yea, Things which Are not,
To bring to nought the Things that Are,
That no flesh should glory in His Presence,

By this Flower,
Hath spoken loudly unto Man,
While proudest Art, stands all abashed,"" as naught, in Nature's presence.
And when He speaks,
And wherever,
And in any way He will,
Silence, O Man!
And meekly hear,
Lest haply He should say,
I have spoke in vain,
Man will not hear
His God,
Here and Now only,
Will not hear,
But Hereafter, shall.

So, sweetest of sweet Flowers, I softly press thee yet again,
With a tremulous hand,
Unto a loving chastened heart,

By Affliction chastened, sometimes sore.
Come, let me gently take thee reverently from parent earth,
For thou art freshly sprung from God:
And looking here around, with all undazzled eye,
While fade away these little Things of Man,
Time, sense,
Then fix my steadfast gaze on thee,
O, LILY,
A SON, upon the emblem blooming,
Of an ALMIGHTY FATHER'S Power and Love.

——[*To the Spirits.*] Well done;—avoid;—no more!
——This is most strange!—
You do look, my son, in a moved sort!
Be cheerful, Sir.—These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all Spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And like the baseless fabric of This Vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And like this unsubstantial Pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind!

——Go then, Thou grand One of the Present, grandly into the Past.
And for the Future,
Leave no trace behind, but in the Mind,
Enriched, expanded, and sublimed.
Only a noble Memory,

Be thou, to sensuous eye,
Quickly, as though thou hadst not been.
Let the place that knows thee now,
Know thee no more
Let the grass grow again, where grew the grass so short a while ago.
Let the wandering winds blow freely o'er the site where shone so late,
The gleaming Wonder of the World.
Let world-wide pilgrims come,
In all time hereafter, unto this sceptred isle,
This little world,
This Precious Stone set in the silver sea,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
To that green spot:
And, pointing to their sons, all grown incredulous, say,
Here It stood.

NOTES

NOTES

No. I.

Napoleon and Leibnitz on Egypt.

'SOLDIERS,' said Napoleon, on landing in Egypt, 'you are about to undertake a conquest fraught with incalculable effects upon the commerce and civilisation of the world. You will inflict upon England the most grievous stroke she can sustain before receiving her death-blow!' Upwards of a century before, the great Leibnitz, with profound political foresight, urged on Louis XIV. the conquest of Egypt. 'The possession of Egypt,' said he, 'will open a prompt communication with the richest countries of the East. It will unite the commerce of the Indies to that of France, and pave the way for great captains to march to conquests worthy of Alexander. Egypt once conquered, nothing could be easier than to take possession of the entire coast of the Red Sea, and of the innumerable islands that border it. The interior of Asia, destitute of both commerce and wealth, would

range itself at once beneath your dominion. The success of this enterprise would for ever secure the possession of the Indies, the commerce of Asia, and the dominion of the universe!'

No. II.

The Modern Pharaoh in the Red Sea.

'Had I perished in that manner, like Pharaoh,' said Napoleon, 'it would have furnished all the preachers of Christendom with a magnificent text against me.'—ALISON, vol. iv. p. 617.—The eloquent historian, in speaking of Egypt and its central position between Eastern wealth and Western civilisation, observes: 'The waters of the Mediterranean bring to it all the fabrics of Europe; the Red Sea wafts to its shores the riches of India and China; while the Nile floats down to its bosom the produce of the vast and unknown regions of Africa. When, in the revolution of ages, civilisation shall have returned to its ancient cradle—when the desolation of Mahometan rule shall have ceased, and the light of religion illumined the land of its birth, Egypt will again be one of the great centres of human industry: *the invention of steam will restore the communication with the East to its original channel*, and the nation which shall revive the canal of Suez, and open a direct communication between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, will pour into its bosom those streams of wealth which, in every age, have constituted the principal sources of European opulence.'—*Ibid.*, pp. 546, 547. Mr Robert Stephenson is now engaged upon this great project.

No. III.

Scipio's Tears.

For seventeen days the city was in flames: and the numbers exterminated amounted to 700,000 souls, including the women and children sold into slavery; so that this scene of horror served as an early prelude to the later destruction of Jerusalem. The wiser and more lenient Scipios had been against this war of extermination, and had had to contend against the self-willed rancour of the elder Cato: yet a Scipio conducted this war, and was the last conqueror over the ashes of Carthage; and this was a man universally accounted to be of a mild character and a generous nature. But this must be apparently estimated by the Roman standard; for whenever Roman interests were at stake, all mankind, and the laws of nations, were considered as of no importance.—SCHLEGEL.

No. IV.

The Esquimaux Question.

'I read one day out of the New Testament,' says John Beck, one of the Moravian missionaries, 'to some of the natives who came to me, while I was copying out part of a translation of the Gospels, the history of our Saviour's agony on the Mount of Olives, and of his bloody sweat.—One of the Pagans, whose name was Kajarnak, stepped up to the table, and said with a loud, earnest, and affecting voice, How is that? Tell me that once more! for I fain would be saved too!—From that hour he became a disciple of the mis-

Experiment, and appears to the author so profoundly interesting and instructive, that he has taken some pains to present the reader with an authentic account of it.——The stone in question was transmitted to this country a few months since, by a Canadian geologist; who, not being a naturalist, entertained no suspicion that the marks which had arrested his attention were traces of an animal. He thought them likely to have been produced by the trail of a long sea-weed. He requested our far-famed zoologist, Owen, to examine the mysterious marks, and decipher them, if he could. After much thoughtful scrutiny, that gentleman found them to be small prints, occurring in regular succession, in pairs,—extending in two parallel linear series, *with a continuous groove, midway* between them. Then he observed that one of the prints was larger than the other in each pair; and that both the larger and smaller print were short and broad, with indications of toes at their fore part; and that the intervals between each pair, of the same side, were much less than those between the right and left pairs. Hence he inferred, that the impressions in question must have been produced by some *Animal*, that had crawled or walked along that oldest of sandy shores; that such animal had been a Quadruped, having the hind-feet larger and wider apart than the fore-feet—both fore and hind feet being very short; and that the limbs of the right and left side were wide apart: wherefore the creature must have had a short and broad trunk, supported on short limbs, with rounded and stumpy feet, capable of taking only short steps. Then as to the midway groove:—he at first suspected that it might have been produced by the trail of a *Tail*. The impression was well defined throughout, midway between

the right and left limbs: shallower, where the footprints indicated a steady rate of motion — (how delicately exact the observation!) — deeper where that motion had been retarded, and the animal's body had rested awhile on the sand. Hence the sagacious Naturalist concluded, that this midway groove impression must have been made by some hard projecting covering of the belly—such as would be made by the breastplate of a Tortoise. The broad trunk; the short steps; the stumpy feet hardly capable of carrying the trunk clear of the ground,—all this deducible solely from these faint footprints—seemed to bespeak the Tortoise. EXPERIMENT succeeded OBSERVATION. Owen betook himself to Lord Bacon's realised Atlantis, the Zoological Garden in the Regent's Park, and caused the living Reptiles there to crawl over soils carefully prepared, so as to receive and retain distinctly the traces of their transit. The Tortoise was found to have left impressions almost identical, or very closely resembling, those preserved in the ancient rock: which had been ascertained to belong to the first-formed class of rocks, deposited from the sea. Prior to the discovery of this Stone, geologists had not obtained evidence of the existence of any but the lowest organised plants and animals, such as zoophytes and marine mollusca, in these rocks. This stone may therefore be regarded as an exponent of indefinitely remote antiquity, referring high organisation to a period infinitely beyond all previous supposition, or even imagination. The traces of the showers which may have beaten on the Tortoise, as suggested in the text, were sagaciously detected by an eminent living geologist, and deciphered from impressions made by the rain-drops falling on the soft sand; and the direction of the wind then blowing,

Experiment, and appears to the author so profoundly interesting and instructive, that he has taken some pains to present the reader with an authentic account of it.——The stone in question was transmitted to this country a few months since, by a Canadian geologist; who, not being a naturalist, entertained no suspicion that the marks which had arrested his attention were traces of an animal. He thought them likely to have been produced by the trail of a long sea-weed. He requested our far-famed zoologist, Owen, to examine the mysterious marks, and decipher them, if he could. After much thoughtful scrutiny, that gentleman found them to be small prints, occurring in regular succession, in pairs,—extending in two parallel linear series, *with a continuous groove, midway* between them. Then he observed that one of the prints was larger than the other in each pair; and that both the larger and smaller print were short and broad, with indications of toes at their fore part; and that the intervals between each pair, of the same side, were much less than those between the right and left pairs. Hence he inferred, that the impressions in question must have been produced by some *Animal*, that had crawled or walked along that oldest of sandy shores; that such animal had been a Quadruped, having the hind-feet larger and wider apart than the fore-feet—both fore and hind feet being very short; and that the limbs of the right and left side were wide apart: wherefore the creature must have had a short and broad trunk, supported on short limbs, with rounded and stumpy feet, capable of taking only short steps. Then as to the midway groove:—he at first suspected that it might have been produced by the trail of a *Tail*. The impression was well defined throughout, midway between

the right and left limbs: shallower, where the footprints indicated a steady rate of motion — (how delicately exact the observation!) — deeper where that motion had been retarded, and the animal's body had rested awhile on the sand. Hence the sagacious Naturalist concluded, that this midway groove impression must have been made by some hard projecting covering of the belly—such as would be made by the breastplate of a Tortoise. The broad trunk; the short steps; the stumpy feet hardly capable of carrying the trunk clear of the ground,—all this deducible solely from these faint footprints—seemed to bespeak the Tortoise. EXPERIMENT succeeded OBSERVATION. Owen betook himself to Lord Bacon's realised Atlantis, the Zoological Garden in the Regent's Park, and caused the living Reptiles there to crawl over soils carefully prepared, so as to receive and retain distinctly the traces of their transit. The Tortoise was found to have left impressions almost identical, or very closely resembling, those preserved in the ancient rock: which had been ascertained to belong to the first-formed class of rocks, deposited from the sea. Prior to the discovery of this Stone, geologists had not obtained evidence of the existence of any but the lowest organised plants and animals, such as zoophytes and marine mollusca, in these rocks. This stone may therefore be regarded as an exponent of indefinitely remote antiquity, referring high organisation to a period infinitely beyond all previous supposition, or even imagination. The traces of the showers which may have beaten on the Tortoise, as suggested in the text, were sagaciously detected by an eminent living geologist, and deciphered from impressions made by the rain-drops falling on the soft sand; and the direction of the wind then blowing,

by the unequal depth of the rain-pits, and the unequal height of its little circular wall, as the shower struck, obliquely, the ripple-ruffled surface. It is only on a *tidal* shore that such impressions can be received and retained: received during the ebb, and covered by fresh layers of fine sand at the flood. The traces of the ancient showers and winds, however, are not seen on the specimen deposited in the Crystal Palace, but on others, now in London.

No. VIII.

Ancient Monsters.

There is no appearance in nature, and nothing in geology, says Mr Ansted, that can illustrate, by progressive development, the gradual derivation of new types or well-marked groups, each of higher organisation than those which preceded them—a gradual development of higher types of existence, in a certain order of creation. So far as geology, in its present state, affords evidence on the subject, the facts seem decidedly opposed to such an idea; and this conclusion is in perfect accordance with those arrived at by the most philosophical of living naturalists, Owen—who thus closes his investigation concerning the extinct reptiles. 'Thus, though a general progress may be discerned, the interruptions and *faults*—to use a geological phrase—negative the notion that the progression has been the result of self-developing energies adequate to a transmutation of specific characters; but, on the contrary, support the conclusion that the modifications of osteological

structure which characterise the extinct reptiles, were originally impressed upon them at their creation; and have been neither derived from improvement of a lower, nor lost by progressive development into a higher type.' See ANSTED'S *Ancient World*, p. 54; and OWEN'S *Report on British Fossil Reptiles*. The author of the present volume begs leave to commit the subject of this note to the reader's best consideration.

No. IX.

The Bee Mystery.

After all, say those eminent entomologists, Kirby and Spence, there are mysteries as to the *primum mobile* among these social tribes, that, with all our boasted reason, we cannot fathom, nor develop satisfactorily the motives urging them to fulfil, in so remarkable though diversified a manner, their different destinies. One thing is clear to demonstration, that by these creatures and their instincts the power, wisdom, and goodness of the great Father of the universe are loudly proclaimed—the atheist and infidel confuted—the believer confirmed in his faith and trust in Providence, which he thus beholds watching with incessant care over the welfare of the minutest of His creatures; and from which he may conclude that he, the prince of the creation, will never be overlooked or forsaken. And from them what lessons may be learned of patriotism and self-devotion to the public good—of loyalty, of prudence, temperance, diligence, and self-denial.

No. X.

The Bee and the Infinitesimal Calculus.

The geometric form of each cell constructed by the bee is absolute perfection, as far as we are able to judge of the objects had in view; and has excited the admiration and amazement of ancient and modern mathematicians. At what precise angle the three plains of the hexagonal prism ought to meet, so as to secure the greatest strength and commodiousness with the least possible waste of materials, is a problem of the highest mathematics, resolvable only by the aid of the infinitesimal calculus, or problems of *maxima* and *minima*. Maclaurin, the worthy disciple of Newton, by a fluxionary calculation succeeded, at length, in determining the required angle, precisely. It was the very angle adopted by the Bee!

No. XI.

Galileo among the Cardinals.

'Corde sincero, et fide non fictâ abjuro, maledico, detestor, supradictos errores et hereses!' said the unhappy philosopher: but on rising from his knee he stamped his foot, as if suddenly stung with a consciousness of his guilt, and exclaimed passionately—E pur si muove—It moves, notwithstanding! On this afflicting and deeply humiliating incident, Sir David Brewster has eloquently written thus:—Galileo abjured, cursed, and detested those eternal and immortal truths which the Almighty had permitted him to be the first to establish. What a mortifying picture of moral depravity

and intellectual weakness! If the unholy zeal of the assembled cardinals has been branded with infamy, what must we think of the venerable sage, whose grey hairs were entwined with the chaplet of immortality, quailing under the fear of man, and sacrificing the convictions of his conscience, and the deductions of his reason, at the altar of a base superstition!

No. XII.

Aristotle on Anaxagoras.

Concerning Anaxagoras, Aristotle has left a grand saying on record. After recounting the philosophers who had respectively made the various Elements the first cause of all things, and declaring how uncouth it would be to refer such mighty results as Creation to accident, or spontaneous motion, he says: When, therefore, there appeared one saying that, as in animate, so in inanimate nature, MIND was the First Cause of the Universe, and of all its order, he seemed like a sober man among those who before him had been talking at random!—*οἷον νήφων ἐφάνη πρὸ ἐκείνων λέγοντας τοὺς πρότερον.* —*Metaph.* Book i. chap. 3.

No. XIII.

The Angel and Adam's Astronomical Discourse.

These, it may be almost superfluous to state, are the expressions used by Milton (*Paradise Lost*, Book viii.) to designate the Ptolemaic system of Astronomy. The angel and Adam discuss, in fact, the leading features of the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems—one making Earth,

the other Sun, the centre of the Universe. The Angel inclines to Copernicus, but pronounces for neither; exhorting Adam to apply himself to what more immediately concerned him.—Milton, as already noted, died twelve years before the magnificent discovery of Newton.

No. XIV.

The Infidel Philosopher.

This portion of the text brings a heavy charge against the memory of La Place; but it is only too well founded. It is fearful and revolting to record of such a man, perhaps the greatest of all astronomers except Newton, that he sought to banish God Almighty out of the Heavenly world which He had permitted him to scan so exactly. Throughout the whole of his *Système du Monde*, (a synopsis of the Newtonian philosophy,) he carefully abstains, says a distinguished British philosopher, from all reference to a Contriver, Creator, or Governor of the universe: in pointed contrast to the sublime reflections with which the noble Newton accompanied his revelations.—Thus spoke that mighty one, in his immortal *Principia*: 'God is eternal and infinite, omnipotent and omniscient; that is, He endures from everlasting to everlasting, and is present from infinity to infinity. He is not eternity or infinity, but eternal and infinite. He is not duration or space, but He endures, and is present. He endures always, and is present everywhere, and by existing always and everywhere, constitutes duration and space.' La Place, on the contrary, would wretchedly insinuate that the doctrine of a Deity, the Maker and Governor of this world, and of His peculiar attention to the conduct

of man, is not consistent with truth! And that the sanctions of Religion, long venerated as the great security of society, are as little consistent with justice. The duties which we owe to this imaginary Deity, and the terrors of punishment in a future state of existence for the neglect of them, he regarded as fictions invented to enslave mankind. He has given abundant proof of these being his sentiments, developing their horribly-blooming deadliness, be it remarked, in the time of the French Revolution. I was grieved, said the philosopher already referred to, with touching simplicity, when I first saw M. de la Place, after having so happily epitomised the philosophy of Sir Isaac Newton, conclude his performance with such a marked and ungracious parody on the closing reflections [some of them given above] of our illustrious Master. As the scholars of Newton, as the disciples of our illustrious Master, we will join with him in considering, unlike La Place, universal Gravitation as a noble proof of the existence and superintendence of a Supreme Mind, and a conspicuous mark of His transcendent wisdom.——La Place would resolve everything into the irresistible operation of the primitive and essential properties of matter; and insist that it could not be anything but what it is. He labours assiduously to effect this impression on the mind! Nay, he impiously insinuates that the supposed useful purposes of the solar system might have been much better accomplished in some other than the existing mode! He was spared long enough, however, as we learn on unquestionable authority, to entertain awful misgivings on this subject. In the solitude of his sick chamber, and not long before his death, came Reflection; and with it, salutary results. The eminent gentleman on whose authority this

fact rests, Mr Sedgwick, has recently recorded, that not long before the death of the great Frenchman—for great he was, though darkened—he was inquiring of the distinguished geologist concerning the nature of our endowments, and our course of academic study. He then, says Mr Sedgwick, dwelt earnestly on the religious character of our endowments; and added, (as nearly as I can translate his words,) '*I think this right; and on this point I deprecate any great organic changes in your system: for I have lived long enough to know what at one time I did not believe—that no society can be upheld in happiness and honour, without the sentiments of Religion.*'

The Marquis had also endeavoured to resolve the religious convictions of his great predecessor, into the delusions of old age, or an intellect disorganised by madness; and this especially with reference to his work on the Prophecies. Sir David Brewster, however, has annihilated the injurious calumny, by infallible proof that Newton was always a devout Christian, and had commenced his researches on the prophecies, when in the plenitude of his marvellous intellect —in his forty-ninth year. In the inscription on his monument in Westminster Abbey, it stands truly recorded, that 'he was an assiduous, sagacious, and faithful interpreter of Nature, Antiquity, and the Holy Scriptures: he asserted, in his philosophy, the majesty of God, and exhibited, in his conduct, the simplicity of the Gospel.'—The author would close this note with an expression of his profound conviction, that he who cannot see, in the operations of nature, Supreme Intelligence, may regard himself as labouring under mental imbecility, or judicial blindness.

No. XV.

An Extinguished Constellation.

A century hence, if the world should last so long, men will hardly be persuaded to believe the history which tells them that NEWTON, BACON, LOCKE, LEIBNITZ, DES CARTES, and MILTON, with many other names glittering brightest in the roll of fame, are stars struck out of the Firmament, blotted out of the Roman Catholic mind, or foully disfigured and mutilated by the Romish Church, that unchanged, unchangeable enemy to the progress of the human mind; which, in order to make men false Christians, would throw them into second childhood. Sir Robert Inglis said, truly and picturesquely, a quarter of a century ago, — Every other institution is advancing, with sails set and banners streaming, on the high yet still rising tide of improvement: the Church of Rome alone remains fixed and bound to the bottom of the stream, by a chain which can be neither lengthened nor removed.

No. XVI.

Golden Truth in the Mist of Mythology.

However much, observes Schlegel, amidst the growing degeneracy of mankind, the primeval word of Revelation may have been falsified, by the admixture of various errors, or overlaid and obscured by numberless and manifold fictions, inextricably confused, and disfigured almost beyond the power of recognition, still a profound inquiry will discover in heathenism many luminous vestiges of

primitive truth. —— We find in the Grecian mythology many things capable of a deeper import, and more spiritual signification: appearing as but rare vestiges of ancient truth — vague presentiments — fugitive tones — momentary flashes—revealing a belief in a Supreme Being, an Almighty Creator of the Universe, and the common Father of mankind.——In Prometheus, says that able scholar, Mr Keightley, in his excellent Mythology, we have a Grecian myth of the Fall of Man, and in Pandora the introduction of evil into the world by means of a woman!—According to Buttman and other eminent Germans, the resemblance between this myth and the Scripture narrative of Eve and the forbidden fruit, 'is so very striking, that one might be induced to regard it as a rivulet from the original fount of tradition.'

THE END.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 06 February, 2016